THE GAMESTER.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

By His Majesty's Servants.

Written by Mrs. Susanna Centlivre.

The Fourth Edition.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Knapton, C. Hitch and L. Hawes,
W. Bathoe, and T. Lownds.

M DCC LX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PROLOGUE.

Written by *N. ROWE*, Esq;

Spoke by Mr. BETTERTON.

IF humble Wives that drag the Marriage Chain
With curſed dogged Huſbands, may complain;
If turn'd at large to ſtarve, as we by you,
They may, at leaſt, for Alimony *ſue.*
Know, we reſolve to make the Caſe our own,
Between the Plaintiff-Stage, *and the* Defendant-Town.
When firſt you took us from our Father's *Houſe,*
And lovingly our Intereſt did eſpouſe;
You kept us fine, careſs'd and lodg'd us here,
And Honey-Moon *held out above* Three Year;
At length, for Pleaſures known do ſeldom laſt,
Frequent Enjoyments pall'd your ſprightly Taſte;
And though at firſt you did not quite neglect,
We found your Love was dwindled to Reſpect;
Sometimes, indeed, as in your Way it fell,
You ſtopp'd, and call'd to ſee if we were well.
Now, quite eſtrang'd, this wretched Place you ſhun,
Like bad Wine, Buſineſs, Duels, or a Dun.
Have we for this increas'd Apollo's *Race?*
Been often pregnant with your Wit's Embrace?
And borne you many chopping Babes of Grace?
Some ugly Toads we had, and that's the Curſe,
They were ſo like you that they far'd the worſe;
For this to Night we are not much in Pain,
Look on't, and if you like it, Entertain;
If all the Midwife ſays of it be true,
There are ſome Features too like ſome of you;
For us, if you think fitting to forſake *it,*
We mean to run away, *and let the* Pariſh take it.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE

Spoke by Mrs. SANTLOW.

AS one condemn'd, and ready to become
For his Offences paſt, a Pendulum,
Does e'er he dies, beſpeak the learned Throng,
Then, like the Swan, expires in a Song.
So I, (though doubtful long which Knot to chooſe,
Whether the Hangman's, or the Marriage Nooſe)
Condemn'd good People, as you ſee, for Life,
To play that tedious, jungling Game, a Wife,
Have but one Word of good Advice to ſay,
Before the doleful Cart draws quite away.

You roaring Boys, who know the Midnight Cares
Of rattling Tatts, ye Sons of Hopes and Fears:
Who labour hard to bring your Ruin on,
And diligently toil to be undone;
You're Fortune's ſporting Footballs at the beſt,
Few are his Joys, and ſmall the Gameſter's Reſt:
Suppoſe then Fortune only rules the Dice,
And on the Square you play; yet, who that's wiſe,
Would to the Credit of a faithleſs Main,
Truſt his good Dad's hard-gotten hoarded Gain?
But then ſuch Vultures round a Table wait,
And hov'ring watch the Bubble's ſickly State;
The young fond Gambler covetous of more,
Like Æſop's Dog, loſes his certain Store.
Then the Spunge ſqueez'd by all, grows dry,—And now
Compleatly wretched turns a Sharper too;
Theſe Fools, for Want of Bubbles too, play fair,
And loſe to one another on the Square;
So Whores the Wealth from numerous Culls they glean,
Still ſpend on Bullies, and grow poor again.

T

EPILOGUE.

This Itch for Play has likewiſe fatal been,
And more than Cupid, *drawn the Ladies in,*
A Thouſand Guineas for Baſſet *prevails,*
A Bait, when Caſh runs low, that ſeldom fails;
And when the Fair One can't the Debt defray
In Sterling Coin, does Sterling Beauty pay.

In vain we labour to divert your Care,
Nor Song, nor Dance can bribe your Preſence here,
You fly this Place like an infectious Air,
To yonder happy Quarter of the Town,
You croud; and your own fav'rite Stage diſown;
We're like old Miſtreſſes, you love the Vice,
And hate us only 'cauſe we once did pleaſe.
Nor can we find how elſe 'tis we deſerve,
Like Tantalus, *'midſt Plenty thus to ſtarve.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Men.

Sir *Thomas Valere*, Father to *Valere* the Gameſter. — — — —	Mr. *Freeman.*
Dorante, his Brother, in Love with *Angelica* — — — — —	Mr. *Corey.*
Young *Valere*, a Gentleman much in Love with *Angelica*. — —	Mr. *Verbruggen.*
Mr. *Lovewell*, in Love with Lady *Wealthy*. — — — — —	Mr. *Betterton.*
Marquiſs of *Hazard*, a ſuppoſed *French* Marquiſs. — — —	Mr. *Fieldhouſe.*
Hector, Valet to *Valere*. — — —	Mr. *Pack.*
Mr. *Galoon*, a Taylor. — — —	Mr. *Smeaton.*
Count *Cogdie*.	Mr. *Dickins.*
1ſt Gentleman. } Three Gameſters.	Mr. *Weller.*
2d Gentleman.	Mr. *Knap.*
Box-Keeper. — — — — —	Mr. *Francis Lee.*

Women.

Lady *Wealthy*, a very vain coquettiſh Widow, very Rich, Siſter to *Angelica* — — — — —	Mrs. *Barry.*
Angelica, in Love with *Valere*.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Betty, Woman to the Lady *Wealthy*.	Mrs. *Parſons.*
Favourite, Women to *Angelica*.	Mrs. *Hunt.*
Mrs. *Security*, One that lends Money upon Pawns. — — —	Mrs *Wallis.*
Mrs. *Topknot*, a Milliner. — —	Mrs. *Fieldhouſe.*

THE

THE GAMESTER.

ACT I.

The Curtain draws up, and diſcovers Hector *in an Elbow-Chair, juſt waking, yawning.*

Hect. BLeſs me! 'Tis broad Day-light; Who the Devil would ſerve a GAMESTER! 'Tis a curſed Life, this that I lead. O, my dear Bed, how ſeldom do I viſit thee! When ſhall I be lapt in the Fold of thy Embraces, and ſnore forth my Thanks? I, that could enjoy thee Four and Twenty Hours together, am grown a perfect Stranger to thy Charms. O! My precious Maſter! Now, Ten to One, will he come home with an empty Pocket; and then will he be confoundedly out of Humour: Then ſhan't I dare aſk him for any Dinner. Thus am I robb'd of the *two* chiefeſt Pleaſures of my Life, *Eating* and *Sleeping*.

Enter Mrs. FAVOURITE.

Fav. Good morrow, Monſieur *Hector:* Where is your ſweet Maſter?

Hect. Aſleep.

Fav. I muſt ſee him.

Hect. My Maſter ſees no Body when he's aſleep.

Fav. I muſt ſpeak with him.

Hect. Indeed, ſweet Mrs. *Favourite*, but you cannot.

Fav. P'ſhaw I tell you I muſt, and will ſpeak with him.

Hect. With who Child?

Fav. With who? Why, with *Valere*.

Hect. Heark'e, would you ſpeak with my Maſter in *propria Perſona*, or with his Picture?

Fav. Leave Fooling, for I come not upon ſo merry a Meſſage as you imagine.

Hect. Why then, to be ſerious, my Maſter is not come in: He's a Man of Buſineſs, Child, and neglects his Eaſe to follow that.

Fav. Yes, yes, I gueſs the Buſineſs; he is at ſhaking his Elbows over a Table, ſaying his Prayers backwards, courting the Dice like a Miſtreſs, and curſing them when he is diſappointed. Between you and I, *Angelica* knows his Extravagance; and finding he breaks all the Oaths he made againſt Play, reſolves to ſee him no more.

Hect. If he has loſt his Money, this News will break his Heart.

Fav. Tell him, that I ſay he has deceiv'd more Women than he has played Games at Hazard; and——

Hect. You ſay — Ay, I find *Dorante*, my Maſter's Uncle, has given you a retaining Fee: What ſhould ſhe do with that old Fellow?

Fav. Oh! He's a Lover ripe with Diſcretion.

Hect. Ay, but Women generally love green Fruit beſt: beſides, my Maſter's handſome.

Fav. He handſome! Behold his Picture juſt as he'll appear this Morning, with Arms a-croſs, down-caſt Eyes, no Powder in his Perriwig, a Steenkirk tuck'd in to hide the Dirt, Sword-knot untied, no Gloves, and

and Hands and Face as dirty as a Tinker. This is the very Figure of your beautiful Maſter.

Hect. The Jade has hit it.

Fav. And Pocket as empty as a *Capuchin*'s.

Hect. Hold, hold, this is Spite, mere Spite and burning Envy.

Fav. Ay, 'tis no Matter for that; I'll take care he ſhan't deceive my Miſtreſs: For ſhe that marries a Gameſter that plays upon the Square, as the Fool your Maſter does, can expect Nothing but an Alms-Houſe for a Jointure. Once more I tell you, that *Dorante* has both Reaſon and *Favourite* of his Side.

Hect. And we have Love on our Side; and Love never fails to conquer Reaſon: For your Part, you are like the *Swiſs*, take any Side for Pay.

Fav. Is not *Valere* aſham'd, the only Son of ſuch a Family, to leave his Father's Houſe, and ſneak up and down in Lodgings.

Hect. You're miſtaken, Mrs. *Favourite*; he did not leave his Father's Houſe: But his Father, who is as obſtinate as the Devil, and as ill-natur'd as a *Dutchman*, turn'd him out.

Fav. He was a dutiful Child in the mean Time. Well, you may take my Word, he will have ſmall Welcome at our Houſe: I ſhall let my Lady know he is a Gaming; ſo ſweet Mr. *Hector*, adieu. [*Exit.*

Hect. Farewel, Mrs. *Fripery*; I am glad I know my Maſter's Enemy however. Ho! Here he comes.

Enter VALERE, *in Diſorder.*

Val. Sirrah, what's a Clock?

Hect. It is — in Troth, Sir, I have been up ſo long, I have forgot.

Val. Away, I am weary of your Fooleries. My Night Gown, quick, quick. The Devil, the Devil.

Hect. Ah! I find where about he is, he ſwears between his Teeth.

Val. So hey! What, muſt I wait all Day? My Gown here! [Valere *ſtill walks about, and* Hector [*ſtill following him with the Gown.*

Hect. 'Tis ready Sir.

Val. What a Dog am I? I know I have no Luck, yet can't forbear playing. Oh, Fortune, Fortune! But why do I exclaim againſt her? I'll be even with her I warrant her, ſhe has made me loſe, but I defy her to make me pay, for the Devil a Souſe have I.

Hect. Sir, Sir, pleaſe to put on your Gown, Sir.

Val. Get you to Bed, you Dog, and don't trouble me.

Hect. With all my Heart Sir. [*Exit.*

[Valere *ſits down in the Arm'd-Chair.*

Val. I think I am ſleepy. Death! 'Tis impoſſible to ſleep: *(riſes)* For I can no ſooner ſhut my Eyes, but methinks my evil Genius flings Am's Ace before me. Why, *Hector*, Sirrah; that Rogue ſleeps happy: Why, *Hector*.

Hect. Sir — [*From the Bottom of the Stage, unbutton'd.*

Val. Sir — you Sot, are you never tir'd with ſleeping?

Hect. Tir'd—Why, Sir, I han't had Time to unbutton my Coat yet.

Val. Was any Body here to aſk for me?

Hect. Yes, Sir, Here was your Muſick-Maſter, and your Dancing-Maſter.

Val. Ay, they want their Quarteridge, I ſuppoſe.

Hect. They'll call again, Sir.

Val. Then I'm not at home, Sir.

Hect. Oh! I know that, Sir. But, Sir, here was a kind of a — kind of a ſhabby-look'd Fellow — He ſaid his Name was *Cogdie*: He'll call again too.

Val. I know him not. None elſe?

Hect. Yes, Sir, a Back-Friend of yours. Sir, may I be ſo bold, as to aſk you one Queſtion? Do you love the charming *Angelica?*

Val. Love her! I adore her!

Hect.

Hect. Ah! That's an ill Sign. Now do I know he has not a Penny in his Pocket. Ah, Sir, your Fob, like a Barometer, ſhews the Temper of your Heart, as that does the Weather.

Val. Don't you imagine, whatever Paſſion I have for Play, that I have Power to forget that amiable Creature!

Hect. Ah, Sir, but if that amiable Creature ſhould have baniſh'd you———

Val. Impoſſible!

Hect. Talk not of Impoſſibilities, good Sir, for pert Mrs. *Favourite* is juſt gone; who, I find, hates you, and ſwears her Lady has declared for your Uncle. Ah, Sir — what ſhe ſays is not altogether falſe; *(ſhaking his Head)* for notwithſtanding you have ſworn heartily to *Angelica* never to play again, you do throw away a merry Main; or ſee, Sir———

Val. Ceaſe your Impertinence; I give you leave to jeſt upon my Loſſes, but my Miſtreſs touches my Heart, Sirrah.

Hect. (Aſide) Ah! Love's Fever is always higheſt when the Caſh is at an Ebb. But, Sir, be not caſt down, I have heard them ſay, a new Paſſion is the only Thing to cure an old one. There's the charming Widow of my Lord *Wealthy*, her Siſter, richer than *Angelica* — Ah, Sir! Had you but made your Addreſſes there.

Val. There! ſhe is the only Woman I would avoid. She's a Coquet of the firſt Rate; addreſſes all, and cares for none. How did ſhe tyrannize over my Friend *Lovewell* before ſhe married my Lord, tho' he is a Gentleman without Exception? and now ſhe's playing the ſame Game over again; for the good-natur'd Fellow is in Love ſtill.

Hect. Truly, Sir, I believe the *French* Marquiſs will carry it.

Val. No, he is too much of her Temper. Heark! Who's there?

Hect. A Dun, I warrant.

Val. I am not within, Sirrah.

Hect. Oh, Sir! Your Father.

Val. Ah! That's worſe; now will he rail as heartily againſt *Gaming*, as the *Fanaticks* againſt *Plays*.

Enter Sir THOMAS VALERE.

Sir *Tho.* What, what are you up? This is not a Gameſter's Hour; or have you not been in Bed all Night? That's moſt likely.

Hect. *(Aſide.)* He's the Devil of a Gueſſer. Indeed my Maſter keeps as early Hours as any Man, I'll ſay that for him.

Sir *Tho.* Hold your Tongue, Sirrah, or I ſhall break your Head; your Freedom will not paſs on me.

Hect. Your moſt humble Servant, Sir; I've done, Sir, I've done.

Sir *Tho.* I am come to make the laſt Tryal of you, Sir. Your Courſe of Life is ſo very ſcandalous, that unleſs I ſee a ſpeedy and ſincere Reformation, I have reſolv'd to diſinherit you; then try if what has ruin'd you, will maintain you: But, do you hear, quit the Name of your Anceſtors, who never yet produc'd ſuch a Profligate. The Eſtate has not been reſerv'd ſo long in the Family to be thrown away at Hazard.

Hect. Short and pithy: We are in a hopeful Way. [*Aſide.*

Val. Sir, I have been revolving in my Mind all my Acts of Folly, and am aſham'd that I harbour'd them ſo long, and now am arm'd with manly Reſolutions; forgive my paſt Faults, and try my future Conduct.

Sir *Tho.* If I could believe thee real, my Joys would be compleat.

Hect. Ah! I ſmoak the Deſign; a little Money is wanting. [*Aſide.*

Val.

Val. My cruel Uncle, who never was a Friend to you, now endeavours to ſupplant me in *Angelica*'s Heart; you know I live but in her.

Sir *Tho.* I know your Love, and the only Thing I like in you: She's a virtuous Lady, and her Fortune's large; 'tis baſe, and moſt unfit my Brother's Years, to become your Rival.

Hect. Ah, Sir, if my Maſter loſes her, I dare ſwear it will break his Heart. In my Conſcience, I believe it is Love keeps him awake, and puts Gaming into his Head.

Sir *Tho.* Well, Son, if you obtain her, I'll forgive your Fault, and pay your Debts once more.

Val. Sir, I don't doubt it; but I'm a little out of Money at preſent.

Hect. Humph!

Val. Money, Sir, is an Ingredient abſolutely neceſſary in a Lover: A Hundred Guineas would accompliſh my Deſign.

Hect. As I gueſs'd.

Sir *Tho.* At your old Trick again — No, no; I have been too often couzen'd with your fair Promiſes.

Val. Try me this Time; lend me but Fifty.

Sir *Tho.* No.

Val. Twenty.

Sir *Tho.* No.

Val. Ten.

Sir *Tho.* No.

Hect. Hard-hearted *Jew*. [*Aſide*

Val. Five, Sir; for I can't go without ſome Money.

Sir *Tho.* Not a Souſe from me.

Hect. One, Sir; that we may dine; for I am ſure my Maſter has not a Groat, by his Humility.

Sir *Tho.* No; if you are hungry, go fling a merry Main for your Dinner.

Hect. Ah, Sir, I never was ſo well bred: Beſides, I hate truſting to Chance for my Food.

Sir *Tho.*

Sir *Tho.* I admire you have liv'd ſo long with your Maſter then. Look ye, *Valere*, get you to *Angelica*; out with your Uncle, and you ſhan't want Money. In the mean Time, Sirrah, do you get me a Liſt of his Debts.

Hect. Yes, Sir.—There's ſome hopes I may come in for my Wages. [*Aſide.*

Val. Sir, I obey you in every Thing —— and fly to *Angelica.* Heark ye, Raſcal, get me ſome Money, or I will cut your Ears off. (*Aſide to* Hector.) [*Exit.*

Hect. Money! Mercy on me; where ſhall I get it? Well, I think I am bewitch'd to him. [*Exit.*

Sir *Tho.* If I can but reclaim my Child, and match him to *Angelica*, I ſhall date the happieſt Part of my Life from this Moment.

Enter COGDIE.

Cog. Sir, your moſt humble Servant; is not your Name *Valere?*

Sir *Tho.* It is, Sir.

Cog. Sir, I come to offer you my beſt Service.

Sir *Tho.* In what, pray Sir?

Cog. Sir I am Maſter of all Sorts of Games, and live by that noble Art. My Name is *Cogdie*, call'd by ſome Count *Cogdie.*

Sir *Tho.* He takes me for my Son! I'll humour it, and hear what the Rogue has to ſay. (*Aſide.*) Well, Sir, what then?

Cog. Hearing of your ill Fortune at Play, I came, out of pure Generoſity, to teach you the Management of the Die.

Sir *Tho.* The Management of the Die; Why, is that to be taught?

Cog. O! Ay, Sir; to learn to cog a Die nicely, requires as good a *Genius* as the *Study* of the Mathematicks. Now, Sir, here is your true Dice, a Man ſeldom gets any thing by them: Here is your falſe, Sir, hey, how they run. Now, Sir, thoſe we generally call Doctors.

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Sir *Tho.* The *Conſumption* rather. Mercy upon me! What is our World come to! [*Aſide.*

Cog. Come, throw a Main, Sir, then I'll inſtruct you how to nick it; he is very dull. I tell you, Sir, in this Age, 'tis neceſſary that Children learn to play before they learn to read.

Sir *Tho.* I tell you, Sir, that I am amaz'd the Government never preferr'd you to the Pillory for your wonderous Skill.

Cog. I find his ill Fortune has put him horribly out of Humour: I ſay again, that learning to play is of more Uſe, than *Fa, La, Mi, Sol,* or cutting a Caper.

Sir *Tho.* I'll *Fa, La,* Caper, you Dog; know I am his Father, and hate Gaming, and all ſuch Raſcals as you are. But ſtay I'll pay you your Wages for the Care you took of my Son.

Cog. Sir, your humble Servant, Sir, not a Penny, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* No, Sir, a Cane.

Cog. Not in the leaſt, Sir: I, I, I would not give you the Trouble by no means, Sir. What a Sot was I, to miſtake the Father for the Son. [*Exit running.*

Enter HECTOR *running.*

Hect. O, Sir! Undone! Undone! Undone!

Sir *Tho.* Undone! when wert thou otherwiſe?

Hect. Ah, Sir, but my Maſter, my Maſter—

Sir *Tho.* What of him? Surely he was given me for a Curſe.

Hect. Ah, Sir! As my Maſter was juſt ſtepping into *Angelica*'s Lodging, ſo nicely dreſt; his Wig, I believe, had a Pound of Hair, and two Pound of Powder in it; he look'd ſo pretty, that had ſhe but ſeen him, ſhe muſt have lov'd him, tho' her Heart had been made of Braſs: But juſt as he was ſtepping in ———

Sir *Tho.* She ordered her Footman to ſhut the Door upon him, I ſuppoſe, hearing his continued Extravagance.

Hect.

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Hect.

Hect. No, no, Sir, worſe than that; a ſlovenly filthy Fellow whipt his Sword from his Side, whilſt another, as bluff as a Midnight Conſtable, ſlapt him on the Back with an Action of Forty Pounds.

Sir *Tho.* Ha! And did *Angelica* ſee it?

Hect. No, no, Sir, we being cunning, wheedled 'em to the Tavern; and 'tis but giving 'em a luſty Bottle, Sir, and I warrant we get it off for ten Guineas.

Sir *Tho.* How's this, an Action of Forty Pounds got off for ten Guineas? I ſuſpect a Trick — Come, ſhew me the Way to this Tavern.

Hect. What ſhall I do now? Sir, I, I, I came in ſuch Haſte that I never thought to look up at the Sign.

Sir *Tho.* Then you are likely to carry the Money, Sirrah; Sirrah, this Sham won't take; the next Time, Raſcal, lay your Lies cloſer, Rogue. *(Slaps him.)* [*Exit.*

Hect. Ah *Hector*, *Hector!* Thou art no good Plotter. Well, I draw this Comfort from it, however, I ſhall never dread the Gallows for Plotting.

Enter VALERE.

Val. Well, I have over-heard all; I thought what your Projects would come to.

Hect. Why, Sir, the wiſeſt Men ſometimes fail; and you muſt own, that I ſtudy as hard as a ſtarving Poet for your Intereſt: But if my Plots, like their Poetry, miſcarry, 'tis no Fault of mine.

Val. You'll ſtill be witty out of Seaſon; but prithee what's to be done now?

Hect. Oh, Sir! Yonder goes Mrs. *Security*, who lent you once a Hundred Guineas upon your Diamond Ring that you loſt at Play.

Val. I remember I gave her Fifty for the Uſe of it: But, however, call her in this Extremity, and bring up a Bottle of Sack with you. *(Exit* Hector.) Now for the Art of Perſuaſion to ſqueeze this old Spunge of fifty Guineas, that may make me Maſter of a thouſand before Night.

Enter

Enter HECTOR *and Mrs.* SECURITY.

Val. Mrs. *Security*, good morrow.

Mrs. *Sec.* Mr. *Valere*, your very humble Servant.

Val. A Chair there, quickly. Mrs. *Security*, let us renew our old Acquaintance, and cement it with a Glaſs of Sack.

Mrs. *Sec.* Oh, dear Mr. *Valere!* I never drink in a Morning.

Val. What, not a Glaſs of Sack? Come, *Hector*, fill. My Service to you.

Mrs. *Sec.* Pray, young Man, give me but a little.

Val. Fill it up, I ſay.

Mrs. *Sec.* Oh, dear Sir! Your Health. *(Drinks half.*

Val. What, my Health by Halves? I'll not bait you a Drop.

Mrs. *Sec.* Well, I profeſs it will be too ſtrong for me.

Val. Hector, does not Mrs. *Security* look very handſome?

Hect. Truly, Sir, I think ſhe grows younger and younger.

Mrs *Sec.* Away, you make me bluſh.

Hect. Ah! She'll have another Huſband, I ſee by thoſe Roguiſh Eyes.

Mrs. *Sec.* Fie, fie, Mr *Hector*; theſe Eyes have done nothing but wept ſince my good Huſband *Zekiel Security*, died; and the more, becauſe he died ſuddenly. *(Weeps.*

Hect. Suddenly! Good lack! Good lack! It e'en makes me weep to think on't.

Mrs. *Sec.* He died in his Vocation, juſt ſealing a Bond.

Val. Ah! Would thou wert with him, ſo I had a little of thy Money. *(Aſide.) Hector*, fill t'other Glaſs to Mrs. *Security* to waſh away Sorrow.

Mrs. *Sec.* O, dear Sir, I thank you for your Civility; and you ſhall find me always ready to ſerve you.

Val.

Val. I do believe you, Mrs. *Security*, and have Occaſion to try your Kindneſs.

Hect. Ay, my Maſter pitch'd upon you.

Mrs. *Sec.* He knows he may command me.

Val. I would borrow fifty Guineas, Mrs. *Security*, which ſhall be repaid—

Mrs. *Sec.* I don't doubt it, Sir, in the leaſt; for you know my Way — A Pledge — If it be not quite double the Value, I won't ſtand with a Friend: and it ſhall be as ſafe as my Eyes, that I aſſure you.

Val. Humph!

Hect. Ah, Duce on't, here's the Sack loſt.

Mrs. *Sec.* You had your Ring again, Mr. *Valere*: And I hope you don't miſtruſt me now.

Val. Miſtruſt you? No, no, Madam. *Hector*, fetch Mrs. *Security* a Pledge.

Hect. A Pledge, Sir? Bleſs me! What does he mean now? A Pen and Ink, Sir?

Val. Ay, ay, Mrs. *Security* ſhall have my Note.

Hect. As good as any Pledge in *England*.

Mrs. *Sec.* It may be ſo — But I promiſed good *Zekiel* to be wary of the Money he left me: Yea, and I will be very wary.

Hect. And very wicked—

Val. Refuſe my Note! I ſcorn your Money.

Hect. I'd have you to know, my Maſter's Note is as good as a Banker's — ſometimes, when the Dice run well. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Sec.* Nay, if you are angry for my fair Dealing, good morrow to you.

Hect. O, Impudence! She calls *Cent. per Cent.* fair Dealing—Go thy Ways, but take my Curſe along with thee. May ſome Town-Sharper perſuade that ſanctify'd Face into Matrimony, and in one Night empty all thy Bags at Hazard.

Mrs. *Sec.* Your Wiſhes hurt not me, ill-manner'd Fellow. I'd have you to know, if I would marry again, I could have a —

Val.

Val. Nay, nay, Miſtreſs, if we muſt have none of your Money, let's have none of your Impertinence.

Hect. Be gone, be gone, Woman, be gone.

[*Puſhes her off.*

Val. Oh! Deep Reflection — would I could avoid thee: To become the Scoff of mercenary Wretches— And through my own Miſmanagement, reduc'd to baſe Neceſſity. Oh, *Angelica!* I'll caſt a real Penitent beneath thy Feet.

And if once more thy Pardon I obtain,
Love in my Heart ſhall the ſole Monarch reign.

ACT II.

Enter ANGELICA *and* FAVOURITE.

Ang. AFter all his ſolemn Promiſes to quit that ſcandalous Vice, when he can hold my Love upon no other Terms, does he ſtill purſue that certain Ruin to his Fame and Fortune? But I reſolve to baniſh him my Heart, which he has juſtly loſt by his perfidious Dealing. I feel, I feel my Liberty return; and I charge thee, *Favourite*, ſpeak of him no more.

Fav. No, no, Madam, fear not me; I hate him for your Sake, Madam: Was he like his Uncle; there's the Man for my Money.

Ang. Becauſe you have a large Share of his, I ſuppoſe: Old Men muſt bribe high. Name neither to me, I hate Mankind. [*Exit* Favourite.

Enter Lady WEALTHY.

L. *Weal.* Well ſaid, Siſter; I hate Mankind too, and yet the Fellows will follow me; but who is the Man that has put you out of Conceit with the whole Sex? *Valere?*

Ang. The ſame; no other had ever Power to ſhock my Quiet —— Nor ſhall he; for this Moment I'll raze him from my Thoughts.

L. *Weal.* If ſhe holds her Reſolution, I am happy: [*Aſide*] That Taſk may prove more difficult than you imagine, Siſter. Come, come, this is a Flight of ſudden Paſſion, that would fall upon the Sight of *Valere*.

Ang. You miſtake, Siſter, my Reſentment is grounded upon Reaſon.

L. *Weal.*

L. *Weal.* I know he has given you Cauſe enough: But Love is blind; had a Man uſed me ſo, I ſhould have ſuſpected his Reality ſooner.

Ang. Why, do you think he loves me not?

L. *Weal.* It looks with ſuch a Face—

Ang. Why then did he take Pains to be reconcil'd?

L. *Weal.* Gallantry, mere Gallantry; and ſhe that cannot diſtinguiſh, often miſtakes it for a real Amour. Ah, *Angelica!* You are but a Novice yet, and don't underſtand the Beau-Monde. A Woman ſhould always ſpeak more than ſhe thinks, and think more than ſhe writes, or ſhe'll ne'er be upon the Square with Men.

Ang. I ſhall neither write nor ſpeak to any of 'em for the future, I aſſure you.

L. *Weal.* And do you poſitively think you could reſiſt *Valere*, if he ſhould come in this Minute?

Ang. I do, poſitively.

L. *Weal.* What, in his moſt moving Air? For you know he is Maſter of a falſe inſinuating Tongue: Should he, I ſay, throw himſelf at your Feet in a Tone of Tragedy; cry, Forgive me, *Angelica*, or kill me if you pleaſe; I'll not oppoſe the Blow, nor ſtrive to ſave my Life by one poor Word — I love you, and only you: Does not your Soul tell you ſo in my Behalf? Will you not anſwer me? Then riſing from his Knees, Will then, ſays he, Nothing but my Death wipe out my Fault? Give it me then, cruel Fair; for now to live is Pain. If I have loſt you, I have loſt all that's worth my Care. Then offers to draw his Sword; at Sight of which you are melted into Pity, and once again betray'd. Is not this true, *Angelica?* Ha, ha, ha.

Ang. I confeſs I have too often been deceiv'd — but now he ſhall find I am upon my Guard — and were he the only one remaining of his Sex, I would not — if I know my Heart—marry him.

L. *Weal.* I'm pleas'd to hear your Reſolution; and doubly pleas'd to find you Miſtreſs of your Paſſion—

'Tis a Point of Wiſdom to caſhier ſuch Follies as blind our Senſe, and make our Judgment err.

Ang. 'Tis very true.

L. *Weal.* Believe me Siſter — I had rather ſee you married to Age, Avarice, or a Fool — than to *Valere*, — for can there be a greater Misfortune than to marry a Gameſter?

Ang. I know 'tis the high Road to Beggary.

L. *Weal.* And your Fortune being all ready Money will be thrown off with Expedition—Were it as mine is indeed—But are you ſure your Heart is diſengaged?

Ang. Why, do you doubt it?

L. *Weal.* I have a Reaſon, Siſter, that when you have ſatisfy'd me you ſhall know.

Ang. Then be ſatisfy'd — I will never ſee him more —Now the Secret.

L. *Weal.* Why, then know I love him.

Ang. How! You!

L. *Weal.* Yes, I; where's the Wonder?

Ang. You that advis'd againſt the Gameſter.

L. *Weal.* That was for your Good, Siſter———Our Circumſtances are different—My Eſtate's intail'd enough to ſupply his Riots, and why ſhould I not beſtow it upon the Man I like?

Ang. What in that Mourning Weed reſolv'd on Matrimony, and is your Lord forgot already — Did I take ſuch Pains in rubbing your Temples, whilſt *Favourite* apply'd the Harts-horn to your Noſe, when the fainting Fits came thicker and thicker, and was it all but Affectation — And does your dead Huſband's Picture, that dangles at your Watch there, ſerve only to put you in mind of another?

L. *Weal.* And where's the Crime — I lov'd him living as much as any Wife, or rather more; and did what Decency required when he died — But being free, I'm free to chuſe.

Ang. Then who ſo fit as *Lovewell* for your Choice, whoſe honourable Love has long purſu'd you.

L. *Weal.*

L. *Weal.* You are not to direct my Inclination.

Ang. Nor you mine — *Favourite,* (*Enter* Favourite) if *Valere* comes, I will ſee him — That Good you have done, Siſter.

Fav. See him, Madam! } *Exeunt* Ang. *and* Fav.
Ang. Yes, Impertinence, }

L. *Weal.* Ay, ſee him, if thou wilt, but to little Purpoſe — I doubt not his Return, when once he finds Encouragement, 'tis his Awe has kept him ſilent, not that I care much for him neither; but it is the greateſt Mortification in Nature to ſee a handſome Fellow make Love to another before one's Face. (*Enter* Footman.

Footm. Madam, the Marquiſs of *Hazard* to wait on your Honour.

L. *Weal.* Pugh, that Fool. (*Enter* Marquiſs.

Marq. Hey, let my three Footmen wait with my Chair there — the Raſcals have come ſuch a high Trot —they've jolted me worſe than a Hackney Coach —— and I'm in as much Diſorder — as if I had not been dreſs'd to Day—Pardon me, Madam, I took the Liberty to adjuſt myſelf, e'er I approach'd you.

L. *Weal.* You are the exact Mode of Dreſs — but Monſieur *Marquiſs,* methinks you are grown perfect in our Tongue.

Marq. The Value I have for the *Engliſh* Ladies, made me take particular Pains in the Study —— Duce on't, I ſhall be diſcover'd, if I forget my *French* Tone —*Ah, Madam, Vous parlez Francois mieux que je parle l'Anglois.*

L. *Weal.* Ah, *Point de tout Monſieur.*

Marq. But there's no Language like the *Eyes,* Madam—and *Yours* would *ſet the World on Fire.*

L. *Weal.* O, Gallant.

Marq. SINGS to the *Widow.*

IN vain You ſable Weeds put on,
Clouds cannot long eclipſe the Sun;
Nature has plac'd you in a Sphere,
To give us Day-light all the Year;
'Tis well for thoſe
Of Cupid's *Foes,*
That your Beauties thus ſhrouded lie;
For when that Night
Puts on the Light,
What Crouds of martyr'd Slaves will die!

SINGS to the *Gameſter*, when he has won Money.

FAIR Celia, *ſhe is nice and coy,*
While ſhe hold the lucky Lure;
Her Repartees are Piſh and Fie,
And you in vain purſue her.

Stay but till her Hand is out,
And ſhe become your Debtor,
Addreſs her then, and without Doubt,
You'll ſpeed a great deal better.

It is the only Way
When ſhe has loſt at Play,
To purchaſe the courted Favour,
Forgive her the Score,
And offer her more,
I'll lay my Life you have her.

Marq. I had like to have fought laſt Night, for aſſerting your Prerogative of Beauty.

L. *Weal.* With whom pray?

Marq. With *Valere*, whoſe continual Toaſt was your Siſter; I muſt confeſs it has given me a paſſionate Deſire

ſire of ſeeing her, that I may hereafter with greater Aſſurance maintain your Cauſe.

L. *Weal.* What would the Fellow have me introduce him—My Cauſe don't want your Sword.

Marq. She's jealous already; if my Footmen obſerve my Orders, ſhe'll ſecure me here for fear of loſing the Prize. (*Aſide.*

L. *Weal.* This Fool's doubly my Averſion——now he has nam'd my Siſter. Would I were rid of him.

Marq. Has your Ladyſhip play'd at Court this Winter?

L. *Weal.* In my Weeds?

Marq. I aſk you pardon, Madam, but that Beauty and Gaiety nothing can eclipſe. Who can look on you, and mind your Dreſs?

L. *Weal.* That's well enough expreſt—But nothing that he ſays can pleaſe me now.

(*Enter* Footman, *gives a Letter.*

Footm. A *Footman* in Green, *Monſieur*, waits for an Anſwer. (*Exit* Footman.

Marq. Is this a Time? Let him wait at the Chocolate-Houſe at St. *James*'s an Hour hence——Oh, Madam, did you know how I languiſh for you!

L. *Weal.* When did I give you leave to make a Declaration of your Love——*Monſieur*——pray, read your Letter, and give the Lady an Anſwer.

Marq. I confeſs it comes from a Lady——but if——

Enter another Footman.

Footm. My Lady *Gamewell* has ſent three times for you, and will not begin to play till you come.

Marq. *Allez Vous en Coquin*——Let her ſtay.

Exit Footman.

L. *Weal.* Inſolence! what does the Fellow mean?

Marq. 'Tis the greateſt Fatigue in Nature to hold a Correſpondence with Impertinence——but your Ladyſhip is the Reverſe of— *Enter another* Footman.

Footm. Sir, the Lady *Amorous* begs the Honour of your Company this Minute; Sir *Credulous* is juſt gone out of Town.

Marq.

Marq. *Le diable t'emporte* — out of my ſight — Am I not engag'd!

L. *Weal.* Engag'd! Upon my Word you are not— What Houſe is the Place you appoint to receive your Aſſignations in——

Marq. No, upon my Honour, Madam——but I preſume they have ſearched the whole Town——and ſeeing my Equipage, at your Door, were ſo audacious to ſend in their Meſſage——but I'll turn away my Footmen for this Embaraſſment.

L. *Weal.* Pray, let not my Houſe be diſtinguiſh'd by you, nor your Equipage for the future——I am not to be us'd ſo, *(angerly.)* Now for a ſet and grave Face to put me *(Enter* Lovewell,*)* more out of Humour if poſſible——

Love. You ſeem in Diſorder, Madam——

L. *Weal.* Who can be otherwiſe, when People take Liberty beyond the bounds of good Manners——

Love. Who dares in my Lady *Wealthy*'s Houſe?

Looking angerly at the Marquiſs.

Marq. Upon my Soul, Sir, ſhe takes it quite wrong ——Or ſhe's——confoundedly jealous.

Love. Sir, I am poſitive that Lady cannot be in the wrong; and read it in her Looks, your Abſence wou'd pleaſe her——

Marq. Sir——

Love. No Words here, Sir——If you wou'd diſpute it, I'll meet you when, and where you pleaſe——

Marq. Your moſt humble Servant—*(In a low Voice)* You ſhall hear from me——Hey, hey, who's there?—— My Servants——Madam, as your Ladyſhip ſaid, I'm not to be us'd thus—— *(Exit.*

L. *Weal.* Monſieur——He's gone, I wou'd not loſe the Fop neither——

Love. Gone Madam! ſo you would have him, I ſuppoſe.

L. *Weal.* You ſuppoſe! how dare you ſuppoſe my Thoughts——and who gave you this Privilege in my Houſe!

Houſe? Shortly I ſhall be wiſh'd Joy; for this is a Prerogative above a depending Lover.

Love. I plead no Merit; and my long ſucceſsleſs Love aſſures me I have no Power——but I underſtood——

L. *Weal.* You underſtood! Ay, you always underſtand wrong, Mr. *Loveweli.*

Love. I do confeſs I wander in the Mazes——and ſtill purſue a Brightneſs which I cannot fix——To pleaſe you has been my long and only Study; witneſs the many Years of awful Servitude I paid your Virgin-beauty, and the Pains I felt when I beheld you wedded to another: I could not bear the Sight, but in a cruel Baniſhment paſs'd my unlucky Hours, till Fate in pity ſet you free, but all in vain, for ſtill my Portion is Deſpair.

L. *Weal.* Nay, if you are running into that grave Stuff——I muſt leave you, tho' in my own Houſe—for I have got the Spleen intolerably, and cannot endure it.

Love. No, Madam I'll retire——I love too much to diſobey——Only when you reflect on your admiring Slaves, think on my Fidelity. (*Exit.*

L. *Weal.* Thou art a poor conſtant Fool, that's the Truth on't——and thou haſt Merit too, I'll ſay that for thee——but we Women don't always mind that——Here comes the preſent Aſcendant of my Heart——

(*Enter* Valere.

Val. Ha, the Widow here——now could I make her my Friend? Now for a ſerious Face——and an Heroick Stile——Madam——

L. *Weal.*——Sir——

Val. My Stars ſhed their kindeſt Influence to Day, and bleſt me with the Opportunity of finding you alone—Pity is eſſential to the Fair, and ought to be extended to thoſe that ſink beneath the Rigour of their Chains.—

L. *Weal.* 'Tis the Diverſion of your Sex to complain; I believe Mr. *Valere* finds few barbarous in ours——

Val. None more unfortunate in Love than I, and tho' my Heart is breaking, I'm forbid to tell my Pain.

L. *Weal.* I hope 'tis to my Wiſh—It may be me he means,

means, else why this Address——She must be very cruel, that lets you sigh without Return——Is it in my Power to assist you———

Val. Oh, Madam, All, All's in your Power——You rule my Fate———

L. *Weal.* Then you shall be happy———'tis so——

Val. On my Knees let me receive the Confirmation of your promise———and seal it here———

(Kneels and kisses her Hand.

Enter ANGELICA.

Ang. Ha! kneeling to my Sister, faithless Man——

Val. There, Madam, there's the angry Brow, that darts Distraction to my Peace: Your Aid to clear that Storm is what I su'd for———

L. *Weal.* Insufferable ill Breeding———

Val. Oh, *Angelica!* I cast me at your Feet.

Ang. No, back to my Sister's, there I found you.

Val. Only to intercede to you——

L. *Weal.* False, by my Honour, he was making violent Love———I'll teize her however.

Val. Making Love; what does she mean?

Ang. And you receiv'd it, I suppose.

L. *Weal.* You interrupted me, e'er I could give my Answer.———

Val. Why, Madam, my Design you know

L. *Weal.* Yes, yes, Mr. *Valere*, I know your Design—I have not had so many sighing, dying Lovers, but I can guess the Design——

Val. But mine was———

L. *Weal.* Oh, fie, don't declare it here—You know my Sister has a Passion for you——and I wou'd not tyrannize———

Ang. 'Tis not in your Power———

Val. Oh, the Devil——Madam, I own 'tis an Offence to a Lady of your Beauty and Merit, to make a Declaration of Love———

L. *Weal.*

L. *Weal.* Not at all, Sir,———when one likes the Perſon———I'll———conſider on't——but, hark'e, do not deceive my Siſter too far, it may be dangerous.

Ang. 'Tis not in your Power——or his, to deceive me; I ſee thro' your ſhallow Artifices, and deſpiſe it.

L. *Weal.* Thoſe that rely upon their own Judgment are ſooneſt caught. Siſter——Remember, I have given you fair Warning——— (*Exit.*

Val. I'm in amaze———

Ang. You need not——— I know my Siſter's Deſign——— but that's not my Quarrel to you——— Quarrel, did I ſay? No, I am grown to a perfect State of Indifference———Quarrels may be reconciled ———but a Man that baſely breaks his Word, and forfeits Faith and Honour, is not worth our Anger, but deſerves to be deſpis'd.

Val. I do confeſs I am a Wretch below your Scorn; I own my Faults, and have no Refuge but your Mercy.

Fav. In the old Strain again—— (*Aſide.*

Val. If you abandon me, I'm loſt for ever———for you, and only you, are Miſtreſs of my Fate.

Ang. Your daily Actions contradict your Words—— and ſhews I have no ſuch Power in your Heart—— Did you not promiſe, nay, ſwear you'd never game again——

Val. I did, and for the perjur'd Crime merit your endleſs Hate, but you, in pity, may forgive me——— Oh, *Angelica*, ſee at your Feet an humble Penitent kneel, who, if not by your Goodneſs rais'd———will grow for ever to his native Soil.

Ang. You wou'd be pardon'd only to offend again.

Val. Never, never——Here on this beauteous Hand I ſwear, whoſe Touch runs thrilling thro' my Heart—— and by thoſe lovely Eyes that dart their Fire into my Soul, never to diſoblige you more.

Fav. That Oath hath done the Buſineſs, I ſee by her Looks. (*aſide.*

Ang. Riſe *Valere*———I differ from my Sex in this, I wou'd not change where once I've given my Heart, if poſſible

poſſible ——therefore reſolve to make this laſt Trial — baniſh your Play for Love, and reſt ſecur'd of mine.

Val. Oh, Tranſport! let me kiſs thoſe ſoft forgiving Lips, the Memory of whoſe Sweetneſs ſhall arm me againſt Temptation.

Fav. So ——now my old Man may go hang himſelf. *(Aſide.*

Val. Could you but know the anxious Pains I felt, the jealous racking Cares that prey'd upon my Soul— when I heard my Uncle was allow'd to tell his Suit— you'd then have found how dear *Valere* had priz'd you.

Ang. What I did was to revenge your Falſhood —— though Love's my Witneſs, *Dorante*'s my Averſion—and let this Preſent ſhew who 'tis that reigns triumphant in my Heart.

Val. Your Picture! Oh, give it me, that in the Abſence of the dear Original — I may feaſt my Eyes on that.

Ang. But mark *Valere*, the Injunction I ſhall lay; whilſt you keep ſafe this Picture, my Heart is yours— but if through Avarice, Careleſneſs or Falſhood, you ever part with it, you loſe me from that Moment.

(Gives him the Picture.

Val. I agree; and when I do, *(kiſſing it)* except to yourſelf, may all the Curſes rank'd with your Diſdain, purſue me —— This, when I look on't, will correct my Folly, and ſtrike a ſacred Awe upon my Actions——

Fav. 'Tis worth Two Hundred Pounds, a good Moveable, when Caſh runs low. *(Aſide.*

Ang. Well, I am convinc'd, let a Woman make what Reſolutions ſhe will, when alone ——— the Sight of her Lover will break 'em.

Fav. Madam, Mr. *Dorante* is coming up.

Ang. I'll not be ſeen, Adieu. *(Exit.*

Val. My charming Love adieu — Take Care to welcome your Benefactor, Mrs. *Favourite*; he's a Lover ripe

ripe with Diſcretion, Ha, ha, ha. (*Enter* Dorante.) Your Servant Uncle, Ha, ha, ha———

(*Holds up the Picture to his Noſe.*) (*Exit.*

Dor. This young Rake's Preſence bodes me no Good, I fear. Mrs. *Favourite* your Servant —— Is your Lady to be ſpoke with?

Fav. I doubt not, Sir. —— I don't know what ſhe is —— I'm ſure I'm almoſt wild; our Buſineſs is all ſpoil'd—— *Valere* is reconcil'd again.

Dor. Ah, that inſinuating young Dog.

Fav. She has juſt now given him her Picture ſet round with Diamonds.

Dor. I thought, indeed, ſomething ſparkled in my Eyes——But what's to be done?

Fav. I know not——He has promis'd her to play no more; if he keeps his Word we have no Hopes; but if he breaks it, as I doubt not but he will, Pride and Revenge may work her to our Ends —— You may be certain, Sir, I'll let ſlip no Opportunity to ſerve you.

Dor. I do believe it——and do encourage you to believe me grateful———accept of this Ring.

Fav. Oh, dear Sir, you are too generous——I don't merit it———Pray, excuſe me———

Dor. Nay, I will not be deny'd.

Fav. Well, Sir, ſince you will have it ſo —— I'll not fail to move your Suit —— I'll do my beſt Endeavours, I'll aſſure you; Write, Sir, write, and I'll deliver the Letter———then let me alone to back it.

Dor. You muſt urge the Largeneſs of my Fortune—the Steadineſs of my Temper; and withal tell her, I am not above Two and Forty—I was grey at Thirty.

Fav. I warrant you, Sir———Be ſure you exclaim againſt your Nephew's Gaming.

Dor. Ay, ay, I'll go write it this Moment———and ſend it preſently.

Fav. I'll be in the Way to receive it.

(Exeunt *ſeverally.*)

SCENE changes to Sir THOMAS VALERE's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Thomas *and* Hector, *with Papers.*

Hect. Sir, I have brought you a compleat Account of the Debts of my Maſter — I think I have not forgot one Farthing; for, if I miſtake not, you deſired to know 'em all, Sir———

Sir *Tho.* Ay, ay, come read 'em over.

Hect. That I will, Sir, in two Words———A true Liſt of the Debts of Mr. *James Valere*, which was by him contracted within the City of *London*, and Liberty of *Weſtminſter*, which his Father, Sir *Thomas Valere*, has promiſed to diſcharge.

Sir *Tho.* If I diſcharge them, or not, is not your Buſineſs———Go on———

Hect. 'Tis my Deſign, Sir. In the firſt Place then—*Item*, Due to *Richard Scrape*, Fifty-five Pounds, Nine Shillings and Ten Pence Half Penny — for Five Years Wages—and Money diſburs'd for Neceſſaries.

Sir *Tho. Richard Scrape*, who's he?

Hect. Your moſt humble Servant, Sir. (*Bows.*

Sir *Tho.* You, why is not your Name *Hector?*

Hect. Ay, Sir, that is my Name *de Novo*——— My Maſter thought *Richard* ſounded too clumſy for a Gentleman's Valet, and a Gameſter—So Sir he gave me the Name of *Hector* from the Knave of *Diamonds*.

Sir *Tho.* A very pretty Name —— I admire he don't call his Miſtreſs *Pallas* from the Queen of *Spades*—But how came you ſo rich, Sirrah, to be able to lend your Maſter Money?

Hect. Why when the Dice has run well, my Maſter would now and then tip me a Guinea, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* And ſo you ſupply'd him, when he wanted, with his own Money: Oh, Extravagance!

Hect. 'Tis what many an honeſt Gentleman is drove to ſometimes, Sir.

Sir

Sir *Tho.* More Shame for 'em—Go on—

Hect. Secondly, Sir, here is due to *Jeremy Aaron*, Uſurer by Profeſſion, and Jew by Religion.

Sir *Tho.* Never trouble yourſelf about that, I ſhall pay no Uſurer's Debts, I aſſure you.

Hect. Then, Sir, here's two hundred Guineas loſt to my Lord *Lovegame*, upon Honour.

Sir *Tho.* That's another Debt I ſhall not pay.

Hect. How, not pay it, Sir,—Why, Sir, among Gentlemen, that Debt is look'd upon the moſt juſt of any: You may cheat Widows, Orphans, Tradeſmen, without a Bluſh — but a Debt of Honour, Sir, muſt be paid—I could name you ſome Noblemen that pay no Body —yet a Debt of Honour, Sir, is as ſure as their ready Money.

Sir *Tho.* He that makes no Conſcience of wronging the Man ——— whoſe Goods have been delivered for his Uſe, can have no Pretence to Honour ——— whatever Title he may wear—But to the next.

Hect. Here is the Taylor's Bill ——— the Milliner's, Hoſier's, Shoemaker's, Tavern, and Eating-Houſe, in all 300 *l.*

Sir *Tho.* A fine Sum, truly.

Hect. Ah, Sir, I have not nam'd the Barber, Perriwig-maker and Perfumer, which is 100 *l.* more ——— Beſides, he is in Arrears to Mademoiſelle *Margaret de la Plant*, lately arriv'd from *France*, with whom he covenanted for four Guineas a Week.

Sir *Tho.* For four Guineas a Week, for what?

Hect. Oh, Sir, pardon me there, I never betray the Secrets of my Maſter.

Sir *Tho.* Four Guineas a Week!

Hect. Ay, Sir and very cheap, conſidering he made his Bargain in the Winter — and truly I don't know but the Woman loſt by it.

Sir *Tho.* You don't ——— Take that, Sirrah——— You ſhan't loſe by it, however — Go, Raſcal, pay your Whores and Debts of Honour out of that.

Hect. Ay, Sir, they'll never take this Money of me; if you pleaſe, Sir, I'll ſend 'em to your Levee, and you may pay 'em yourſelf.

Sir *Tho.* Sirrah, I ſhall break your Head ——— Go get you to the Rake your Maſter; play, hang, or ſtarve together, I care not —— Debts, with a Pox; *Gaming*, *Drinking*, *Wenching*, rare Debts to bring into a Court of *Chancery* ——— You, O Lud, O Lud, O Lud — Bring me ſuch a Bill of Debts, Rogue: Mercy on me, that there can be ſuch Impudence in the World —— O, I have much ado to forbear thee —— Me ſuch a Bill of Debts ———

[*Exit.*

Hect. So, our Affairs go backwards I find. Honeſt *Richard*, Patience, I ſay; go ſeek thy Maſter out.

Fortune may change, and give a lucky Main:
And what undid us, ſet us up again.

ACT III.

HECTOR *ſolus.*

Hect. WHere can my Maſter be now—— I ſhould ſuſpect he were at Play — but that I know he has no Money —— Sure this old Dad of his will open his Purſe-Strings once more, if he's reconcil'd to *Angelica:* I long to know what Succeſs he meets with. ——O, here he comes——

[*Enter* Valere *with his Hat under his Arm, full of Money, he counting it* ———

I waited on your Father, according to Order, Sir, with a Liſt of your Debts ——— and the generous old Gentleman—I thank him, gave me more than I expected—Hey-day, he minds me not —— Ah, I doubt we are all untwiſted———No Hopes of *Angelica*———

Val. Five hundred fifty ſeven Guineas and a half.

Hect. Ha! What do I ſee! The Plate Fleet's arriv'd —— By what Miracle fell theſe Galleons into our Power—I hope, Sir, ſince Fortune has been ſo kind—

Val. A Curſe of ill Luck — *(Stamps.)* Had I but held in the laſt Hand, I ſhould have had 300 Guineas more of my Lord Duke's—beſides what I betted.

[*Walks about.*

Hect. I am overjoy'd, Sir, at your good Fortune — But as I was ſaying, Sir——

Val. But hold, my Lord *Lovegame* owes me 200 upon Honour: 'Tis pretty well —— I have not made an ill Morning's Work on't.

Hect. There's no ſpeaking to him——

Val. Ah! there's no Muſick like the Chink of Gold— By *Jove* this Sound is ſweeter in my Ear—than all the

Margaretta's in *Europe* —— Ha! *Hector*, where come you from, Sirrah?

Hect. Came, Sir—Why I was here before you— But Fortune's golden Miſt conceal'd me from your Sight— Sir, I congratulate your good Succeſs—But how!

Val. Ay, 'tis Succeſs, indeed, if thou knew'ſt all— Honeſt *Jack Sharper* lent me *Five* Guineas, to pay him *Ten* if Luck run on my Side. I have diſcharg'd my Promiſe and brought off a *Thouſand* clear.

Hect. Huzza—Why, you're a made Man!

Val. And we meet again at Five, where I deſign to win a Thouſand more, Boy.

Hect. Ay, but if you ſhould loſe all back, Sir.

Val. Impſſible. This is a lucky Day — *Angelica* and I are reconcil'd ——— my Faults forgiven, and all my Wiſhes crown'd, *Hector*— [*Shewing the Picture.*

Hect. Bleſs my Eye-ſight — A Picture ſet with Diamonds — Nay then, *Hector*, chear up — for now the bad Times will mend. (*Sings.*) Why now a Fig for your Father's Kindneſs; you are able to pay your Debts yourſelf, Sir———

Val. A Pox on thee for naming 'em —— Thou haſt given me the Spleen — Pay my Debts, quotha — The bare Word is enough to turn all my Luck.

Hect. Say you ſo, Sir! Is paying Debts unlucky then?

Val. Ay, certainly; the moſt unlucky Thing in the World.

Hect. Humph — I now find the Reaſon why Quality hate to pay their Debts —— A duce on't, I wiſh I had known as much this Morning, I would not have paid the Cobler for heel-piecing my Shoes ——— For aught I know it may be a Guinea out of my Way; for my Maſter does not uſe to be ſo ſlow ——— Sir, now you are in Stock, Sir, if you pleaſe to put my Wages into my Hands ——— it ſhall be very ſafe in Bank againſt you want it.

Val. The Devil's in the Fellow — Speak one Word more of paying Debts, Sirrah——and I'll cut your Ears off——

off —— I ſhall have no Occaſion to borrow — and my Father will pay your Debt among the reſt—

Hect. He won't pay a Souſe, Sir —— He broke my Head at the very Sight of the Liſt——

Val. Ay, that was in his Paſſion —There's a Plaiſter for that Wound— [*Gives him a Guinea.*

Hect. Sir, your moſt humble Servant —— I find we middling People are out of the Quality's Latitude —— Paying Debts are only unlucky to Gentlemen —— Sir, pray, Sir, give me Leave to offer one Thing to your ſerious Conſideration.

Val. I bar Debts——

Hect. Not a Word of that, Sir.

Val. Out with it then.

Hect. That you'd lay by 500 *l.* of that Money againſt a Rainy Day.

Val. But ſuppoſe I ſhould have more ſet me than I can anſwer.

Hect. 'Tis but ſending for it at worſt, Sir.

Val. So baulk my Hand in the mean Time — and loſe the winning of a Thouſand —— No, no; there's nothing like ready Money to nick Fortune.

Hect. Ah, Sir, but you know ſhe has often jilted you; and would it not be better to have a little Pocket-money ſecure—Put by 200 Sir.

Val. Well I'll conſider on't —— Ha! ſee who knocks.

Hect. A Dun, I warrant.

Val. I have not a Farthing of Money, remember that, Sirrah— [*Puts up his Money haſtily.*

Hect. Lying is a thriving Vocation.

Enter Galloon *a Taylor, and Mrs.* Topknot *a Milliner.*

Val. Ha! Good-morrow to you —— Good-morrow to you Mrs. *Topknot*: Mrs. *Topknot*, you are a great Stranger; why don't you call and ſee me ſometimes?

Mrs. *Topk.*

Mrs. *Topk.* Indeed, Sir, I call very often—tho' I have not had the good Fortune to ſee you — for you was ſtill aſleep, or gone abroad.

Val. I am ſorry it fell out ſo. Well, have you brought your Bill?

Mrs. *Topk.* Yes, Sir. *(Gives him her Bill.)* I hope you lik'd your laſt Linen, Sir.

Val. Very well.

Gal. Sir, I beg the Favour of you—

Hect. I muſt not let two faſten upon him at once — Mr. *Galloon*, a Word with you — You always make my Cloaths too little for me.

Gal. I am ſorry for that.

Hect. My Breeches are Seam-rent in Three or Four Places.

Gal. I'll take Care———

Hect. You ſew moſt abominably ſlight.

Mrs. *Topk.* We are about marrying our Daughter.

Val. I hope you have provided a good Match; for ſhe is very handſome, Faith.

Mrs. *Topk.* The Girl is not deſpiſeable — The Man is very well to paſs in the World; but the ſmall Fortune we deſign for her, muſt be paid down upon the Nail— Therefore, Sir, I entreat you to help me to my Money, if poſſible.

Val. If it was poſſible, I would, Mrs. *Topknot*; and am heartily ſorry that it is not in my Power.

Mrs. *Topk.* It is a Debt of a long Standing, Mr. *Valere*; and I muſt not be ſaid nay.

Val. I know it is; but upon Honour I can't pay you now.

Mrs. *Topk.* Let me have ſome, if you can't pay me all——— Ten Guineas at preſent would do me ſingular Service.

Val. May I ſink if I have ſeen Five theſe Six Months.

Hect. That he has not, to my Knowledge.

Gal.

Gal. Pray, Sir, conſider me, if it be never ſo ſmall; my Wife is ready to lie in, and Coals are very dear, and Journeymen's Wages muſt be paid.

Hect. Why, the Devil's in the Fellow! Would you have a Man pay what he has not? — What Buſineſs had you to get Children, without you had Cabbage enough to maintain 'em?

Val. Hector—No Invention? (*Aſide to* Hector.

Gal. When will you be pleas'd that I ſhall call again, Sir.

Val. When you pleaſe.

Gal. I'll call To-morrow, Sir.

Val. With all my Heart.

Gal. Do you think, Sir, you can let me have ſome, if I come?

Val. Not that I know of.

Hect. No, nor I neither — Hark ye, when he has Money, I'll bring you Word.

Mrs. *Topk.* Don't tell me; I won't go out of the Houſe without Money.

Val. With all my Heart — *Hector!* No Stratagem to ſave me from theſe Leaches? (*Aſide to* Hector.

Hect. Then you muſt e'en lie with my Maſter or me; for here are no ſpare Beds — Let me adviſe you to make no Noiſe; you'll have your Money ſooner than you think for—Your Ear— [*Whiſpers.*

Mrs. *Topk.* To be married, ſay you?

Gal. And to Madam *Angelica*, the great Fortune?

Hect. The ſame.

Mrs. *Topk.* I wiſh you Joy, Sir—— Pray recommend me to your Lady, for Gloves, Fans, and Ribbons.

Gal. I hope, Sir, I ſhall have the Honour to make your Wedding Suit.

Val. That you ſhall, I promiſe you — The Rogue has hit on't. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Topk.* But will this Match be ſpeedy, Sir?

Val. I hope ſo.

Gal. To-morrow, Sir?

Hect.

Hect. Or next Day — but we muſt intreat your Abſence at preſent —— for my Maſter expects his Father with the Lady's Truſtees, in order to ſettle the Affair — and if you are ſeen, it may ſpoil the Buſineſs.

Mrs. *Topk.* Well, well, well, I go, I go, — *(Runs a little Way, and turns.)* You'll put your Maſter in mind of me?

Hect. Ay, ay.

Gal. And me too pray.

Hect. I'll do your Buſineſs I'll warrant you; Go, go, go, — begone, begone, begone, — *(Puſhes 'em out)* —There Sir, I have brought you off once more: Here's two or three Days Reſpite however.

Val. Why then there's two or three Days of Peace — for theſe are the moſt diſagreeable Companions a Gentleman can meet with — I dine at the *Rummer*, where you'll find me if you want me. I promis'd to viſit *Angelica* again to Night, but fear I ſhall break my Word.

Hect. And will you prefer Play before that charming Lady?

Val. Not before her — but I have given my Parole to ſome Men of Quality, and I can't in Honour diſappoint 'em.

Hect. Ah, What a Jugler's Box is this Word Honour! It is a Kind of Knight of the Poſt — That will ſwear on either Side for Intereſt I find — But, Sir, had you not better make ſure Work on't; marry the Lady whilſt ſhe's in the Mind, leſt Fortune wheel about and throw you back again.

Val. Marry her, ſay'ſt thou — I am not reſolved if I ſhall marry or not.

Hect. High-day! Why I thought it had been what you deſired above all Things — But I find your Pocket and your Heart runs counter.

Val. No, Sirrah; I love the charming Maid as much as ever: Love her from my Soul — But then I love Liberty.

Hect.

Hect. And what ſhould hinder you from enjoying it?

Val. Ah, *Hector*, if I marry her, I muſt forſake my dear Diverſion, *(pulling out a Box and Dice)* which to me is the very Soul of Living: —— 'tis the genteeleſt Way of paſſing one's Time, every Day produces ſometning new. —— Who is happier than a Gameſter; who more reſpected, I mean thoſe that make any Figure in the World? Who more careſs'd by Lords and Dukes? Or whoſe Converſation more agreeable —— Whoſe Coach finer in the Ring — Or Finger in the Side Box produces more Luſtre — Who has more Attendance from the Drawers, — or better Wine from the Maſter, —— or nicer ſerv'd by the Cook? —— In ſhort, there is an Air of Magnificence in't, — a Gameſter's Hand is the Philoſopher's Stone, that turns all it touches into Gold.

Hect. And Gold into Nothing.

Val. A Gentleman that plays is admitted every where —— Women of the ſtricteſt Virtue will converſe with him, —— for Gaming is as much in Faſhion here as 'tis in *France*, and our Ladies look upon't as the Height of ill Breeding, not to have a Paſſion for Play: Oh! The charming Company of half a Dozen Ladies, with each a Diſh of Tea, —— to behold their languiſhing Ogles with their Eyes, their raviſhing white Hands, to hear their delicious Scandal which they vent between each Sip, juſt piping hot from Invention's Mint, wherein they ſpare none, from the Stateſman to the Cit — and damn Plays before they are acted, eſpecially if the Author be unknown—This ended, the Cards are call'd for.

Hect. And open War proclaim'd — and every Cock-boat proves a Privateer.

Val. Our Engagements are not ſo terrible, — with us Revenge reaches no further than the Pocket.

Hect. No more don't a Highwayman, — and yet the World thinks both Lives equally immoral.

Val.

Val. None of your Similes, Sirrah, do you hear? — Where is the Immorality of Gaming —— Now I think there can be Nothing more moral —— It unites Men of all Ranks, — the Lord and the Peasant — the haughty Dutchess and the City Dame, — The Marquiss and the Footman, all without Distinction play together.

And sure that Life can ne'er offensive prove,
That teacheth Men such peaceful Ways of Love.

Hect. The Marquiss of *Hazard*, Sir.—
Val. The Marquiss of *Hazard*, what wants he!

Enter MARQUISS.

Marq. Do you hear; do you wait with my Chair at the Corner of the Street, for I would be *incognito*.
Hect. What does he pretend to?
Marq. I presume, Sir, your Name is *Valere*.
Val. I don't remember I ever had any other, Sir.
Marq. Sir I should take it as an extraordinary Favour, if you'll be pleas'd to command the Absence of your *Valet de Chambre*.
Val. Be gone. (*Exit* Hector.
Marq. Now, Sir, do you know who I am?
Val. I think, Sir, I never had the Honour of your Acquaintance.
Marq. *Allons Courage*, push him home, he seems daunted already; (*Aside.*) Sir, I have made the Tour of *Europe*, and have had the Respect paid to me in all Courts that became my Quality; —— In *Spain* I kept Company with none but Arch-Dukes, in *France* with Princes of the Blood, —— and since I have been here, I have had the Honour to sup or dine with most of the great People at Court.
Val. Why so hot, Sir?
Marq. And, Sir, my Person is not more known than my Valour —— I have fought a Hundred Duels, and never

never fail'd to kill or wound, ——— without receiving the leaſt Hurt myſelf.

Val. You had very good Luck truly, Sir, —— What does the Blockhead aim at? *(Aſide.*

Marq. Sir, Fortune owes my Life Protection, for Sake of the noble Race from which I ſprung —— my Father's Grandfather's great Grandfather was Vice-Roy of *Naples.*

Val. Oh! One may ſee that in your Air, Sir.

Marq. Now, Sir, there is a certain Lady that has a Paſſion for my Perſon, not that I am in Love with her: Only Gratitude, ——— and I am inform'd by her Woman, that you make your Addreſſes there; now, Sir, I ſuffer no Man beneath my Quality to mix his Pretenſions with mine.

Val. The Lady's Name, Sir?

Marq. The Lady *Wealthy.*

Val. You are miſinform'd upon my Word, Sir; that Lady is at your Service for me.

Marq. That Declaration comes not from your Heart — your Encomiums on *Angelica* laſt Night ſerv'd only to conceal your Love from me.

Val. So far from that, I did not know you till you had left the Room.

Marq. Sir, I ſay you muſt not pretend to vie with Quality.

Val. I know the Diſtance Fortune has put between us, Sir.

Marq. Then pray obſerve it, Sir; —— don't think every Fellow we condeſcend to play with, fit Companions for us Men of Quality.

Val. (Cocking his Hat) Fellow, Sir———

(Laying his Hand on his Sword.

Marq. Yes, Fellow, Sir. ——He has a Heart, I find, I'll moderate my Paſſion. *(Aſide.*

Val. You will have it then, I ſee. *(Draws.*

Marq. No, upon my Word, Sir, I was in Jeſt all the while.

Val. But I am in earneſt, Sir, — and therefore draw ——What, does the Courage of your Royal Anceſtors, Vice-Roys of *Naples*, fail you?

Marq. Sir, I made a Vow never to kill another Man, ———and therefore pray put up, you have given me as much Satisfaction as I deſir'd,—I thirſt for no Revenge.

Val. Sir, I am not to be trifled with, the Wine is drawn, and you ſhall drink. *(Slaps him.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Hey! what's the Matter?

(lays hold of the Marquiſs, who draws.

Marq. Ha! Company! Nay, then —Sir, this is too much to bear.

Hect. Hold, hold, Sir, hold, what do you do?

Val. Ay, ay, prithee let him go, he is not ſo dangerous as thou imagin'ſt, *Hector*,—Ha, ha, ha.

Hect. Why then let him go,———there, Sir, I have done.

Marq. I ſhall find a Time, Sir.

Val. To be kick'd — you have been uſed too civilly here.

Hect. A Time! For what, what the Devil do you come into our Nation, to crow over us — I believe we ſhall find a Time this Campaign to teach you better Manners — your capering Country is fitter for Dancing-Maſters than Soldiers—ha, ha, ha.

Marq. It ſuits not with my Quality to anſwer the Impertinence of a Valet———Monſieur adieu — *prenez garde une autre fois.* *(Exit.*

Val. Coxcomb below Reſentment, — *(looking on his Watch)* I have out-ſtaid my Time.

Now Fortune by my Friend, I'll aſk no more,
One lucky Hour may double all my Store.

Hect. *Or make you Bankrupt as you was before.* *(Ex.*

SCENE

SCENE changes: Enter Lady WEALTHY *ſola.*

A Table, with Pen, Ink, and Paper on it.

L. *Weal.* Which Way ſhall I contrive to diſappoint my Siſter's Wiſhes? Now would I give Half my Eſtate to feed my Vanity. Oh, that I could once bring *Valere* within my Power, I'd uſe him as his ill Breeding deſerves; I'd teach him to be particular. He has promis'd *Angelica* to play no more: I fancy that proceeds from his Want of Money, rather than Inclination. —If I could be ſure of that—I'll try however. If my Project takes, I ſhall again break their Union —— and if I can't ſerve my Pride, I ſhall at leaſt diſturb their Peace; and either brings me Pleaſure. *(Sits down and writes.)* Now how ſhall I convey this to his Hands — It is not proper to ſend any of my own Servants—Who's there?

Enter Mrs. BETTY.

Betty. Did your Ladyſhip call, Madam?

L. *Weal.* Ay, get me a Porter.

Betty. A Porter! Madam: *Robin*, *John*, and *Nicholas* are all within.

L. *Weal.* And what then? Do as I bid you.

Betty. What can ſhe want with a Porter! — I am reſolv'd to watch. [*Exit.*

L. *Weal.* 'Tis better being confin'd to a Deſart, where one never ſees the Face of Man — than not to be admir'd by all. *(Enter Porter)* Here, carry this to Mr. *Valere:* Do you know him?

Port. Yes, an't pleaſe your Honour, very well.

L. *Weal.* Go, bring me an Anſwer then. [*Exit* Porter.

Enter LOVEWELL.

Ha! *Lovewell:* I muſt avoid his Preſence, leſt he diſcover this Intrigue—He'll be alarm'd at the Sight of a Porter in my Lodgings — Beſides, my Soul reſents the ill Treatment I have given him —— He indeed merits better Uſage——But I know not how, I cannot reſolve on Matrimony. [*Exit.*

Love. Gone! Am I then ſhunn'd like peſtilential Air —yet doom'd to doat upon her cold Indifference——— Oh! Give me Patience, or I burſt with Rage — There muſt be more than her bare Temper in't — She loves — Ay, there's the Cauſe —— Oh! the racking Thought: By all the Powers, it fires each vital Part, and with a double Warmth ſtrikes every active Senſe.

Hear me, ye Pow'rs—And if you e'er deſign
To make this dear, this ſcornful Beauty mine,
Grant in the Lieu—I may my Rival meet,
And throw him gaſping at his Lady's Feet. [Exit.

Enter ANGELICA, *and* FAVOURITE *with a Letter in her Hand.*

Ang. I ſhall not open it, indeed — If you venture to receive Letters again, without my Leave, I ſhall diſcharge you from your Attendance, Mrs. *Favourite.*

Fav. I do it for your Good, Madam.

Ang. For my Good! Impertinence—Am I to be govern'd by thoſe I may command?

Fav. In ſpite of all that I can do, I ſhall loſe my Salary: For when he finds the Cauſe go backwards, he'll fee no more. [*Aſide.*

Enter DORANTE.

Ang. So, he's here too, by your Appointment, I ſuppoſe.

Dor.

Dor. May I venture to approach the Rays of that Divinity, which dart into my Soul an impetuous Flame?

Ang. O dear Sir, there's a Fire in the next Room, whoſe Flames will warm you better than my Beauty, I believe.

Fav. Well, really, Madam, I think *Valere* could not have expreſs'd himſelf finer.

Ang. Ceaſe your odious Compariſons — Mr. *Dorante*, might I adviſe you, make your Addreſſes to my Woman—I'm ſure you'll meet a kind Reception; ha, ha, ha.

Dor. Your Woman, Madam! I thought a Perſon of your Rank knew how to treat a Gentleman better.

Ang. And I thought a Perſon of your Years might have underſtood better, than to make Love to one of mine.

Dor. My Years, Madam! I'm not ſo old — Can I help my being in Love with you?

Ang. No more can *Favourite* being in Love with you.

Fav. You are always witty upon me, Madam — I'd have her to know I love a young Fellow as well as herſelf. [*Aſide.*

Dor. 'Tis for my extravagant Nephew that I am deſpis'd; that complicated Piece of Vice, whoſe headſtrong Courſes, and luxurious Life, will ruin both your Peace and Fortune. I ſaw him a little while ago enter one of thoſe Schools of Poverty, a Gaming Houſe in St. *Martin's Lane.*

Ang. 'Tis falſe.

Fav. Nay, Madam, I dare ſay 'tis true — Yonder goes his Man; I'll call him and convince you.

[*Exit, and re-enters with* Hector.

Ang. He cannot be ſo ungrateful, after my laſt Favours.—*Hector*, where's your Maſter?

Hect. Where-e'er his Perſon is — his Heart is with your Ladyſhip, Madam; I dare anſwer for him.

Ang. That's foreign to my Queſtion; where is he?

Dor. Yes, yes, he's a fit Perſon to enquire of truly.

Hect. So I am, Sir: For Nobody knows my Maſter's Out-goings and his In-comings better than myſelf.

Ang. Come, you ſhall tell me — *Dorante* ſays he ſaw him go into a Gaming Houſe.

Hect. Diſcover'd — Nay then I muſt bring him off — Why, that is true, Madam.

Ang. Perfidious!

Hect. But, Madam, it is to take his Leave, upon my Word — He's gone to play, with a Deſign to play no more.

Fav. Now, Madam, who was in the right?

Ang. Is it poſſible a Man can be ſo baſe!

Dor. There are Men, Madam, that ne'er were guilty of ſuch Crimes.

Hect. But, Madam, you won't hear me —— my Maſter is making all the Speed he can to put himſelf in a Condition to keep his Word with you: He is ſhaking his Elbows, rattling the Box, and breaking his Knuckles for Haſte—He has ſent me Poſt for his laſt Auxiliary Guineas, which when he has thrown off, he'll lay himſelf at your Feet, with full Reſolution never to touch Box or Dice more.

Ang. A likely Matter, truly.

Hect. So it is, Madam — For he'll put out of his Power to offend again.

Dor. Till he has a new Recruit.

Hect. Madam, your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant, I muſt fly; for my Maſter will think every Hour Seven till I'm there. [*Exit.*

Dor. Now, Madam, are you convinc'd — Will you yet accept a Heart devoted only to your Charms?

Ang No more of your Fuſtian — 'tis unſeaſonable; don't provoke me to uſe you worſe than good Manners will allow: I reſpect your Age, but hate your—

Dor. Well, ſcornful Maid, take up with your Gameſter, do: You'll be the firſt that repents it. And ſo farewel. [*Exit.*

Ang.

Ang. O, my too conſtant Heart! canſt thou ſtill hold the Image of this faithleſs Man — And yet methinks I'd fain reclaim him—I'll try the laſt Extremity.

For when from Ill a Proſelite we gain,
The Goodneſs of the Act rewards the Pain:
But if my honeſt Arts ſucceſsleſs prove,
To make the Vices of his Soul remove,
I'll die—or rid me from this Tyrant Love.

ACT IV.

Enter VALERE *with a Box and Dice in his Hand, as from Play to a Porter*—BETTY *liſtening.*

Betty. SO; thus far I have followed this Porter: Here I'll obſerve who he wants — I'm ſure 'tis againſt the Intereſt of Mr. *Lovewell.*

Val. From a Lady, ſay'ſt thou? and muſt be deliver'd into my own Hand ———

Betty. As I imagin'd.

Val. Prithee, Fellow, doſt know what 'tis to interrupt a Gameſter, when his Fortune's at Stake — Seven or Eleven have more Charms now than the brighteſt Lady in the Kingdom — *(Opens the Letter.)* Reads — Humph — *Purſuant to what I told you before* Angelica, *that a Declaration of Love would not be diſagreeable, I confirm my Words in a Golden Shower* ——— *'Tis what I believe moſt acceptable to a Man in your Circumſtances.* (Well gueſs'd, 'e Faith.) A Bill for One Hundred Pounds payable at Sight — Monſieur le Porter, your very humble Servant ——— Tell the Lady, I am hers moſt obediently — It requires no other Anſwer, till I fly myſelf to return my Thanks.

Port. Yes, Sir. [*Exit* Porter.

Val. What muſt I do now? prove a Rogue, and betray my Friend *Lovewell* — If I accept this Preſent, I muſt make my Returns in Love; for when a Widow parts with Money, 'tis eaſy to read the valuable Conſideration ſhe expects:—But then *Angelica*, the Dear, the Faithful Maid — But then a Hundred Guineas, the dear tempting Sight! Ha, *Lovewell!* thou com'ſt in good Time; for my Virtue's ſtaggering.

Enter

Enter LOVEWELL.

Lov. I have been ſeeking you all the Town over.

Val. And what News? Thou haſt a very love-ſick Countenance: The Widow has us'd thee ſcurvily, I know.

Lov. Beyond all Bearing — *Valere*, thou ever wert my Friend; prithee inſtruct me — Help to find the curſed Rival out — 'Tis not the Fool Marquiſs, I'm convinc'd; but ſome lurking Villain, ſome Wretch unworthy of her Charms — elſe her Vanity would ne'er conceal him.

Val. Hold, hold, Friend: you run on a little too faſt — What would your Mightineſs do now, ſuppoſing you diſcover'd this deteſted Rival?

Lov. I'd force him to renounce her; or loſe my Life, and leave her free.

Val. Why then I have ſuch a Reſpect for this Gentleman, that I muſt preſerve him from your Lion-like Fury.

Lov. Ha! Do'ſt thou know him then—Oh! I charge thee by our paſt Years of Friendſhip, and by my Peace of Mind, which this cruel Woman takes eternally away, tell me but who he is, deſcribe him to me: Is he a Gentleman?

Val. Yes, Faith.

Lov. And handſome?

Val. The Ladies think ſo.

Lov. Tell but his Name, that my Revenge may reach him. Haſt thou a Friend more dear than I — No, no; thy Companions are no Friends: Gameſters and Profligates — whom in thy reflecting Hours I know thou hateſt—She is not fit for one of theſe.

Val. The Spark is a little given to Gaming, I confeſs — yet holds his Noſe as high as your Widow, I can tell you that.

Lov. Prithee trifle no longer with me — nor do not jeſt with Pains like mine.

Val. Do you know her Hand? *Lov.*

Lov. Death! does ſhe write to him?

Val. Theſe Credentials will confirm ſhe does.

[*Gives him her Letter with the Bill.*

Lov. Confuſion to thee — And a Bill for Money — Away, it cannot be —— By Hell, the Company thou keep'ſt has taught thee to be a Villain: Thou haſt abus'd her Honour, which I will juſtify. Draw.

Val. Here's a Rogue now — When I have withſtood a Temptation would have ſhook a Hermit — he'd cut my Throat for not taking his Miſtreſs from him—Well, theſe Romantick Lovers are whimſical Things — Hark ye, *Charles*, I believe you know I am no Coward, and if your fighting Fit remains on you till To-morrow Morning — I'll meet you when and where you pleaſe; but I am engag'd now—as you may ſee. Farewel—

[*Exit, ſhewing him the Box*, &c.

Lov. What Man, but would for ever ſcorn, deſpiſe this falſe Ingrate —But I'm a Slave to Love, and bound with ſuch a Chain, no Injuries can break — Something muſt be done; but what I know not. [*Exit.*

Mrs. BETTY *comes forwards.*

Betty. So; my Lady has brought herſelf into a fine Præmunire. Well, I'm glad I heard this; and hope to make it turn to Mr. *Lovewell*'s Advantage — who is a generous Man, and deſerves a Counteſs. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to Lady WEALTHY's *Lodgings.*

Lady WEALTHY *ſola.*

L. *Weal.* So; thus far I'm ſucceſsful: The Porter ſays he was tranſported with the Letter, and will inſtantly be here — Who's there? (*Enter Footman.*) Bid my Woman come hither.

Footm. She's not within, Madam.

L. *Weal.* How, not within!

Footm. Here ſhe comes. *Enter*

Enter BETTY.

L. *Weal.* Hey! where have you been to put yourſelf in this Heat?

Betty. Speaking to a Relation, Madam.

L. *Weal.* A Relation; ſure 'twas a warm Conference has left ſuch Signs on't in your Cheeks — Set my Toylet — I'll throw theſe mournful Blacks away — adorn'd in chearful White, receive and charm my Hero.

Betty. Mr. *Lovewell*, Madam.

L. *Weal.* No Fool: When did you ever ſee me dreſs at an old Lover? He's mine; ſecurely mine: But *Valere*, the Gay, the Rover, the unconquer'd Rambler; he, he alone deſerves my Care.

Betty. Madam, might I preſume to ſpeak——

L. *Weal.* Your Nonſenſe freely; I am in a good Humour, and can bear it all.

Betty. Then *Valere* is the moſt ungrateful — and Mr. *Lovewell* the moſt accompliſh'd of any Man breathing.

L. *Weal.* Ha, ha, ha: And is this your Speech — *Lovewell* is beholden to you truly; and Mr. *Valere* ſhall know his Friend.

Betty. I hate him, Madam: aud you have Reaſon.

L. *Weal.* Peace. I find I gave you too much Liberty.

Enter a FOOTMAN.

Footm. Madam, a Letter for your Ladyſhip.

L. *Weal.* Humph! from *Lovewell:* I know the Hand; ſome Compliment, ſome diſmal Madrigal, or tedious Ditty, in worſe Proſe, I am ſure. *(Opens it)* Ha, my own Bill! What means this — *Madam — You have beſtowed your Favours unworthily: Notwithſtanding this Proof, I would have fought, defended you beyond Demonſtration; but your new Choice declin'd the Sword — and that Love I ſo long languiſh'd for.*

Your Neglected, Injur'd; but ſtill Faithful

LOVEWELL.

Baſe

Baſe Traytor! Is this a Man of Honour? this the Return to my Advances — It is impoſſible — He has waylaid the Porter, brib'd him, and deceiv'd me.

Betty. Indeed he has not, Madam.

L. *Weal.* Why, know you ought of this?

Betty. Yes, I can you tell all — if you will promiſe to interpret for the Good of him who loves you truly.

L. *Weal.* Come in, and let me hear the Story — If *Valere* has triumph'd o'er my Weakneſs, and expos'd my unrequeſted Bounty———

Such a Repulſe may fix this wand'ring Heart:
And conſtant Love may meet its due Deſert. *(Going.)*

Enter the MARQUISS.

Marq. Turn back, bright Fair, and liſten to an Action glorious as *Condé*, *Luxembourg*, or *Heſs*, or any He that ever grac'd the Field.

L. *Weal.* More Plagues! —— I begin to grow weary of this Train of Fools—Pray make your Story ſhort, Sir.

Marq. I'll be as conciſe as the Heroick Deed — *Veni*, *Vidi*, *Vici*, as *Cæſar* ſaid.

L. *Weal.* Over whom was this Conqueſt? your Footman and your Taylor?

Marq. No, Madam, over my Rival, *Valere*.

L. *Weal.* Ha! where met you that Report?

Marq. Every where———The World ſays you are in Love with him—'Tis all the Diſcourſe at the *Chocolate-Houſe*.

L. *Weal.* Confuſion! Am I become ſo wretched — I ſhall be ſung in Ballads ſhortly.

Marq. Having a profound Reſpect for your Ladyſhip — away flew I to his Lodgings — where I had no ſooner enter'd, but the Memory of your Wrongs — ſet the ſtormy Marks of Anger on my Brow —— Sir, ſaid I— Sir, ſaid he, your moſt humble Servant — Sir, ſaid I——here is a Rumour ſpread abroad, prejudicial to the Reputation

Reputation of a Lady whom I have honour'd with my Eſteem.

L. *Weal.* Honour'd! Oh, audacious!

Marq. And Report ſays you are the Author——Who I? ſaid he, in the meekeſt, humbleſt Tone that ever Lover begg'd in — frightened out of his Wits ——Her Name, I pray——which when I had told him, and bid him draw; he poorly diſclaim'd his Paſſion, and ſaid, I might take you with all his Heart, for he would not fight —— At which I ſtept up to him, ſaying, *Savez vous, Monſieur, du Lanſquenet*———that is as much as to ſay, in *Engliſh*, a Flip of the Noſe, Madam—at which the good Gentleman pull'd off his Hat, and made me the loweſt Bow; and I, in Triumph, left——Now, my Reward—my Reward, Madam.

L. *Weal.* Your Reward; never to ſee me more: For though I love Valour, I know this Story falſe—and you made up of Cowardice. Do'e hear—if ever my Doors are open *(Enter three Footmen)* to this bold Intruder more, I'll have your Liveries pull'd over your Ears. *(Exit.*

Marq. Gone! I durſt have ſworn ſhe would have married me for the News——Now here's a good Invention loſt —— Ah poor Monſieur *Markee*, thou'lt never thrive with theſe Women of Quality——I muſt to ſome rich toothleſs City Dame—

On them my Courage and my Shame may paſs:
Theſe Court-end Wits diſcover me an Aſs. (Exit.

SCENE the Street.

HECTOR *ſolus.*

Hect. Well, I have not Patience any longer to ſee this Maſter of mine play——I find which Way he's going — Odſo, here's his Father — How ſhall I ſend him away —— For if he ſhould ſee his Son come out of this Gaming-Houſe, we ſhall be undone again —— *(Enter*

Sir Tho. Valere) Oh, Sir I have been all over the Town to look you———

Sir *Tho.* For what, pray? Did my laſt Greeting pleaſe you ſo well, that you've a Mind to more on't ——— Where's the Rake your Maſter?

Hect. Oh, Sir, happy, happy beyond Expreſſion — He's with *Angelica*, who has preſented him with her Picture, ſet round with Gems of ineſtimable Value.

Sir *Tho.* Ha! Say'ſt thou ſo, Boy? And is he likely to carry *Angelica?*

Hect. Carry her, Sir; why the Buſineſs is done, and nothing wanting but your Preſence, with a Lawyer, to fit 'em for the Prieſt—Good Sir, make haſte———

Sir *Tho.* I'll be there in an Inſtant——And ſhall I be a Grandfather adad——I could find in my Heart to give thee Six-pence for thy News—And I will too— there *Hector*, drink your young Maſter's and Lady's Health, Sirrah—Ah my dear Boy *Jemmy*, I forgive thee all——I'm ſo tranſported, I think it an Age till I embrace thee. (*Exit.*

Hect. 'Fore *George* if this old Fellow finds me in a Lie, as he moſt certainly will; for if *Angelica* hears my Maſter is at play again, ſhe'll never have him that's ſure too ——— I muſt let him know what I have done, and get him in the Mind to go this Hour to *Angelica* ———or *Hector*'s Bones will pay for't.

To ſerve my Maſter, I a lie may tell,
But would not ſuffer, when I mean it well. [Exit.

SCENE diſcovers a Gaming Table, with VALERE, *Count* COGDIE, *and other Gentlemen, at Hazard, with ſeveral Rakes and Sharpers, waiting round the Table; a Box-Keeper and Attendants.*

Cogd. Come —— Seven——What do you ſet Gentlemen?

Box-K. Seven's the Main.

1ſt Gent. That.

2d Gent. Ten Pieces.

Val. The Devil's in the Dice—There, Sir, a Hundred Guineas. *(Angrily.)*

Cogdie *rattling the Box, and conſidering where to throw.*

Box-K. Knock where you are, Sir.

Cogd. I am at the faireſt only; *(throws out the Dice)* Come and that little Silver too.

Box-K. Four to Seven.

1ſt Rake. Mr. *Cogdie*, to three a Crown, ſhall I?

2d Rake. To three and eleven Guineas, if you pleaſe.

1ſt Sharp. Here's three Crowns to eleven, and if I loſe, by all that's good I know not where to eat.

Cog. [*To 1ſt Rake*] You go to three a Crown [*to 2d Rake*] you to three, and eleven Guineas. [*to Sharper*] you ſhall go yours to eleven *Jack*.

Box-K. Pray, Sir, throw away, don't hold the Box all Night.

Cogd. There, [*Shakes the Box and throws three*] you're in once, Gentlemen.

Both Rakes. We go again.

Cogd. With all my Heart. *(Shakes the Box again and throws four.*

Box-K. Four, Trey-Ace.

Cogd. There, Gentlemen, I have brought you off again. [*to the Rakes.*]

Val. You did not throw out your Dice fair, and I'll not yield it.

Cogd. Judgment, Gentlemen.

1ſt Gent. I think 'twas fair enough.

2d Gent. Ay, ay, a Man may throw his Dice how he pleaſes.

Val. Sir, I ſay this Hat's white. [*in a Paſſion.*]

Cogd. I ſay ſo too.

Val. 'Tis falſe, 'tis black.

Cogd. As you ſay, I think it is black.

Val. No, Sir, 'tis neither black nor white.

Cogd. Nay, very likely, Sir. ——— He has loſt his Money and now he grows mutinous.

Box-K. Come, pray Gentlemen don't quarrel, and I'll aſk it round.

Cogd. Aſk what, you Blockhead? whether his Hat's black or white? *(Toſſes a Pair of Dice in his Face.*

Box-K. No, Maſter, whether you won the Money or not.

2d Gent. He won it fairly. Come *Valere*, I'll lend thee ten Pieces, ſet boldly, ſet boldly, I warrant thee Luck, Boy.

1ſt Gent. Ay, ay, come whoſe is the Box?

Cogd. 'Tis mine———

2d Gent. Throw a Main then.

Cogd. Five.

Box-K. Five's the Main.

Val. There———take all.

1ſt Gent. That———

2d Gent. That———

Cogd. Where I was laſt. Now little Dice.

Val. Shake your Dice.

Cogd. There, Sir, [*Shakes the Dice and throws Duce Ace*] Oh, burn 'em.

Box-K. Duce Ace.

Val Out———Give me the Box———Six.

Box-K. Six is the Main.

Cogd. There, Sir, if you dare throw at it.

1ſt Gent. That———

2d Gent. That———

Val. At you all ——— *(Shakes the Box and throws Quatre Duce.*

Box-K. Six. Quater Duce, you've won it, Sir.

Cogd. Um! *(ſeems diſordered.)*

Val. Come, Seven. *(Throws.)*

Box-K. Seven's the Main.

Cogd. A hundred Guineas.

Val. Now little Dice———

Cogd. Not another Nick ſure. *(Speaks as* Valere *is going to throw the Dice.)*

Val.

Val. Nick by *Juno*———

Box-K. Cinque Duce.

Cogd. Oh! Blood! and Death and Fire! *(Riſes and walks about in a Paſſion.*

Val. Nine. *(Throws.)*

Box K. Nine's the Main.

Cogd. There, Sir, I'll ſet you two hundred Guineas upon that Note.

Val. Note, Sir! Whoſe Note is it pray?

Cogd. Why 'tis very good, Sir, 'tis upon Sir *F—s Ch—d.*

Val. At it, Egad. [*Throws.*]

Box-K. Nine, Cinque and Quater, the Box is due.

Cog. Um! [*Throws away the Dice, breaks the Box.*] Sir, I bar that Throw.

Val. Sir, I did not ſee you,—and I won it fairly.

Cogd. The Devil, I that underſtand Play ſo well, to be bubbled of my Money — Sir, I ſay this Hat's white: —Who dare ſay the contrary?

Val. Not I, indeed. Sir.

Cogd. I ſay 'tis black.

Val. Why, as you ſay, I think 'tis black.

Cogd. I ſay, Sir, 'tis neither black nor white.

Val. Then it ſhall be green, blue, red, or yellow, or what you pleaſe, Sir. I have more Manners than to quarrel now I'm on the winning Side, Ha, ha, ha.

1ſt Gent. Prithee don't quarrel with him, you'll get nothing by it. *Valere* will fight you know.

Cogd. And ſo will I, Sir. You're all a Parcel of— If ever I play upon the Square again———I'll give 'em leave to make Dice of my Bones.

Val. Ha, ha, ha, hold let me pay my Debts. There Sir— [*to 2d Gent.*]

Box-K. You owe a Box, Sir, an't pleaſe you.

Val. There— [*Gives a Shilling.*]

Box-K. You owe me a Teaſter for a Back-hand Tip, a little while ago, Maſter.

Val. There you Dog. [*Gives him Six-pence.*]

Box-K. Thank you Maſter — I'll thank any Gentleman that will put that Shilling in the Box.

Enter ANGELICA *in Man's Cloaths.*

Ang. Ay, here he is.

Val. Come Seven.

Box-K. Seven's the Main.

1ſt Gent. That———

2d Gent. That———

Val. 'Tis mine.

Box-K. Eleven.

2d Gent. I never ſaw ſuch Fortune.

1ſt Gent. Here's the laſt of a Hundred, if Luck turn not I'm broke.

Ang. Save you Gentlemen —— may one fling off a Guinea or two with you? (*This while* Cogdie *ſits diſordered and plays by himſelf at another Table.*

Val. Ay, a hundred if you pleaſe, a pert young Bubble this, flung Six.

Box-K. Six is the Main.

Ang. Fifty Pieces, Sir.

Val. Well ſaid Stripling — Down with 'em — Six or a Dozen Dice—Duce Ace—Ah ſplit it——— [*Throws down the Box.*

Box-K. Duce Ace.

Ang. Out, Sir, give me Fifty Guineas, Sir.

Val. There 'tis, Sir.

(Cogdie *riſes and comes to* Angelica.

Cogd. [*To* Angelica] Sir, will you do me the Favour to let me go two Pieces with you; I am juſt ſtript.

Ang. With all my Heart, Sir. Come Gentlemen [*Throws.*] ſet boldly.

Box-K. Five's the Main.

Val. A hundred Guineas.

Ang. Along [*throws*] 'tis mine.

(*Sweeps the Money.*

Box-K. Five, Trey, Duce.

Ang.

Ang. [*To* Cogdie] There's your two Pieces, Sir.

Cogd. I go the four, Sir, if you pleaſe.

Ang. By and by, Sir, you ſhall.

1*ſt Gent.* I'm broke; but I'll be here again inſtantly. (*Exit.*

2*d Gent.* I'll throw off this Stake — If Luck turn not I muſt home for Recruits too.

Ang. Come on then, Sir, Six. (*Throws.*

Box-K. Six is the Main.

Val. In my Conſcience, I believe this young Dog will ſtrip us all. There, Sir.

Ang. And there, Sir. (*Sweeps the Money.*

Box-K. A Dozen.

2*d Gent.* I hope you'll ſtay till my Return? (*Exit.*

Ang. If theſe Gentlemen can hold me play.

Box-K. I hope, Gentlemen, you won't ſtay late, for fear of the Preſs maſters, here was two Gangs laſt Night before twelve o'Clock.

(*All the Sharpers ſneak off, and leave* Angelica *and* Valere *together.*

Ang. Pſhaw, hang the Preſs-maſters, come, Sir, Five.

Box-K. Five's the Main.

Val. That upon Five.

Ang. Nick———

Box-K. Five, Quater Ace, you owe me a Box, Sir.

Val. Confuſion! Did ever Man ſee the like? That Watch at twenty Guineas. (*Sets a Gold Watch.*

Ang. Done, Sir, Nine. (*Throws.*

Box-K. Nine's the Main.

Ang. 'Tis mine. (*Throws.*

Box-K. Nine, Six, and Three, a Main above a Box.

Val. Furies and Hell—That Ring at ten Guineas.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, with all my Heart, Sir, Six again. (*Throws.*

Box-K. Six is the Main.

Ang. Nick again, Ha, ha, ha.

Box-K. Six, Cinque Ace, two Mains above a Box.

Val. The Devil —— I'll ſet you a hundred Guineas upon Honour, Sir.

Ang.

Ang. I beg your Pardon, Sir, I never play upon Honour with Strangers — If you have Nothing elſe to ſet, your humble Servant.

Val. Death — ſhall he carry off my Money thus —— Hold, Sir, Friends will be here preſently, I'll borrow ſome of them.

Ang. That's baulking my Hand ——I can't ſtay, Sir, have you nothing elſe?

Val. Yes, one Thing, but that is dearer to me than my Life. (*Takes out the Picture.*

Ang. What can that be pray?

Val. 'Tis a Picture, the Original of which is neareſt to my Soul——— (*Kiſſes it.*

Ang. Piſh — a Trifle ——Oh my Heart——Yet you ſhan't ſay I'm ungenerous — whate'er you value it at, I'll anſwer it.

Val. Value it at—It is not to be valued.

Ang. Then you'll not ſet it; Sir, your Servant.

Val. Stay, Sir, — Luck may turn — I'll ſet the Diamonds at two Hundred Guineas.

Ang. Oh Villain—Well, Sir, Seven———

Box-K. Seven's the Main.

(Angelica *throws at the Picture.*

Box-K. Four or Seven.

Val. I bar the firſt Throw.

Box-K. Bar.

(Angelica *throws two or three Times and then wins it.*

Ang. 'Tis mine, Sir.

Box-K. Four, Trey, Ace; you owe me three Boxes, Sir.

Val. Eternal Furies —— loſt —— He ſhall reſtore it, or I'll cut his Throat. ——— Well, Sir, take the Diamonds, but I muſt have the Picture.

Ang. The Picture, Sir.

Val. Ay, the Picture, Sir.

Ang. I won it, Sir, and I ſhan't reſtore it, I aſſure you.

Val. But you ſhall reſtore it, Sir, e'er you and I part.

Ang. If I ſhould draw a Duel upon my Hands here ——— I'm in a fine Condition— [*Aſide.*] Nay, Sir, if you are angry, good by——— *Val.*

Val. Nay, nay, nay, [*runs between her and the Door*] you ſhan't carry off the Picture, by *Hercules* — Look'e Sir, either take my Bond, or fight me for't. (*Draws.*

Ang. Sir— (*trembling*) What ſhall I do? I muſt be oblig'd to diſcover myſelf——— (*Aſide.*

Enter 1ſt and 2d Gentlemen.

1ſt Gent. Hold *Valere.*

2d Gent. What's the Meaning of this?

(*Lays hold of* Valere.

Ang. Ha! A Lucky Eſcape——— (*Runs off.*

Val. Away; ſtand off; or I ſhall make my Paſſage through you, Traytor, Dog—Oh I could tear my Fleſh — Cut off theſe Hands that laid the Jewel down, and ſtab my Heart for having once conſented———

(*Walks about raving.*

1ſt Gent. What can be the Cauſe of this Paſſion?

2d Gent. Ho, he has loſt his Money — Prithee don't let that trouble thee, I'll lend thee more — Come let's throw for the Box.

Val. Throw for the Devil—No, henceforth a Gameſter is my Foe; nor ſhould the *Indies* bribe me even to touch a Die; nor, after this Moment, will I e'er ſet Foot in ſuch a Houſe again.

1ſt Gent. The Man is mad.

2d Gent. Prithee let's go ſeek out better Company.

(*Exeunt.*

Val. Now I behold what a Monſter this darling Sin has made me, and loath myſelf for my long Race of Folly.

Now I repent, but oh it comes too late,
And 'tis but Juſtice now that ſhe ſhould hate:
He that flies Virtue ſtill to follow Vice,
'Tis fit, like me, he loſe his Paradiſe.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE VALERE's *Lodgings.*

VALERE *ſolus.*

Val. WHat ſhall I do? There's no going near *Angelica*. The Action I have done carries ſuch a Face, that ſhe can ne'er forgive me.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Another 'ſcape, Sir, another 'ſcape. Your Father was juſt at the Gaming-Houſe Door upon the hunt for you, — but Thanks to my Wit, I found a Way to ſend him packing. He's gone to *Angelica*'s with a Lawyer. Follow him, follow him, Sir, — If he gets there before you, the old Gentleman will believe me no more —for I told him you ſtaid for him there ——— Ha; he minds me not. Sir, Sir; don't you hear me?

Val. No: I'll neither hear, nor ſee, nor eat, nor drink, nor ever reſt again.

Hect. Ah, the Devil! I ſhall be as ſlender as a Hazel-Switch in a little Time then; for I ſuppoſe I muſt keep you Company in that thin Diet——Ah! what I dreaded is come to paſs—What then is all the Money loſt?

Val. Money! My Life, my Soul is loſt.

Hect. Hey day! What's the Matter now?

Val. The Picture.

Hect. The Picture, Sir, —— *(with a frightful Look.)* Mercy on us; ſhake your Pockets, ſhake your Pockets, Sir. [*Runs to* Valere *and ſhakes his Coat Pockets.*

Val. Hold off: I tell thee I've loſt it at Play.

Hect. Why then you have play'd fair — Why what will you do now, Sir? *Val.*

Val. Cut your Throat, Sirrah, and then my own.
[*Clapping hold of* Hector.

Hect. 'Twas none of my Fault, Sir. [*Half weeping.*

Val. O no! it was my own: For had I taken thy Counsel, this Curse had been prevented.

Hect. Ay, Sir, but a Gamester's Life was the most genteel of any ——— their Fob was a Fund, and their Hands Philosophers Stones Ay, Sir.

Val. No more—go fetch me a Book— (*sits down.*

Hect. Wha Book, Sir?

Val. The first that comes to your Hand, no Matter which. (*Exit* Hector, *returns with a Book.*

Hect. Here's *Seneca*, Sir

Val. Well, read—Was ever Man so unfortunate!
[*walking about in a thinking Posture.*

Hect. Who, I read *Seneca*, Sir?

Val. Why not?

Hect. I seldom read any Thing, Sir, but Almanacks.

Val. Oh read, read at a venture. ——— To lose upon Seven when the Chance was Four! Confusion! [*stamps.*

Hect. reads. —Be not taken with the glittering Dreams of Riches, their Possession brings Trouble: Tranquility is a certain Equality of Mind, which no Condition of Fortune can either exalt or depress. If his Fortune be good, he tempers it; if bad, he masters it.

Val. The Devil was in me, that I could not leave off when I was a Winner.

Hect. What is the End of Ambition and Avarice? We are but Stewards of what we falsely call our own. All those Things which we pursue with so much Hazard, for which we break Faith and Friendship, what are they but the mere Depositor of Fortune, and not ours, but already inclining towards a new Master. — Now will I be hang'd, if *Seneca* himself was not given to Gaming.——— Sir, don't you think this looks like a Moral Reflection after a Loss.—In my Conscience, I'm half in the Mind that he play'd away a Mistress's Picture too———

Val.

Val. Ha! Name it not, for if thou doſt, I'll ſhake thee into Atoms.— (*ſhaking him.*

Hect. Ah, Sir, I've done, I've done, —— But, Sir, this *Seneca* was a wonderous Man — Was he ever in *London*, Sir?

Val. No, he lived at *Rome*.———Not one in ten, Oh wretched Luck.

Hect. That's a long Way off—I thought indeed 'twas ſomething made his Morals ſo little minded. —— Come, Sir, Courage.

Val. Yes, I'll to the Camp, there, in the Service of my Country, expiate my Follies.

Hect. To the Camp, Sir, what do you mean? Odsbud, Sir, go to *Angelica* this Minute, and marry her out of Hand, ſhe does not know you have loſt the Picture, and when once ſhe's ſecure if ſhe aſks for it, ſtop her Mouth with Kiſſes, Sir.

Val. Well, I will go, if but to take my Leave of her —For I much fear ſhe'll read Guilt in my Face—

This I reſolve, whatever Fate's in ſtore,
To touch the Curſt Infectious Dice no more.

Hect. Ay, ſtick you but there, and I warrant we proſper.

SCENE the Lady WEALTHY's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady WEALTHY, *Mrs.* BETTY *to her.*

Betty. Madam, Mr. *Lovewell* to wait on your Ladyſhip.

L *Weal.* How ſhall I ſee him! Shame and Confuſion riſes in my Face, yet it is not in my Temper to own myſelf in the wrong, if he upbraids me, this is his laſt Viſit, bring him up———

Enter Mr. LOVEWELL.

I ſuppoſe

I ſuppoſe you come triumphant, but know, I give account of my Actions to no Man. Am free, and will ſo remain.

Love. 'Tis my hard Fortune ſtill to be miſtaken, my Love's too blind to think you do amiſs.— I have ſince been with *Valere*, ſworn to him the Letter was a Plot of mine, the Hand and Bill all counterfeit, to ſatisfy my jealous ſcruple if there were Affairs between ye, he believed it, and your Honour's free from all ill Tongues— And the Wretch doom'd to be hated ſtill, —Am come to take my everlaſting Leave.

L. *Weal.* This Generoſity ſhocks me— [*Aſide.*] Farewel, you have clear'd me to your Rival, but to yourſelf can ſay ſhe was ungrateful and deſpiſed me, Love without Eſteem is a forc'd Plant and wants its Root, therefore my ill Conduct parts us, and thank your generous Carriage for this Confeſſion,—Great Spirits hardly yield themſelves to blame.

Love. Nor are you, I have not watch'd ſo many Years your Temper, each Turn and Sally of your Mind, but I can judge it right, Honour is centered in your Soul, nor would you wrong it in an eſſential Part. All your little Affectations are but the Effects your Glaſs produces, which tells ye, Beauty like yours, may take ten thouſand Liberties.

L. *Weal.* You have choſe a cunning Way to move my Heart, when I was arm'd with Accuſations to extenuate my Faults. And if I could perſuade myſelf to truſt a Man, I think it would be you.

Love. Oh cheriſh that kind Opinion, and if ever you do repent it, proclaim me to the World a Villain.

L. *Weal.* This I reſolve in Favour of your noble Uſage, to baniſh from my Houſe that ſenſeleſs Train of Fop Admirers, which I always laught at, and only kept to feed my Vanity.

Love. On my Knees I thank you; but do not, do not daſh my Tranſports by Delay. —— Your Year of Widowhood is juſt expir'd —— reward my conſtant Love,

and make me happy. A Huſband will fright the Fool Pretenders from approaching, and theſe fond Arms ſecure you ever mine.

L. *Weal.* Bleſs me, is the Man mad? Here would be a ſtrange Leap indeed, from mortal Odds into Matrimony. No, no; a little longer Time muſt try you firſt.

Love. If Time be now required, you may defer my Joys till Age has ſtrew'd my Head with hoary Hairs; for from my very Infancy I have ador'd you — 'Tis but a Month ago when my auſpicious Stars inclin'd you to a Fit of Mercy. ——I flew, got a Licence, came with eager Hopes, and you deny'd to ſee me. The ſame Authority will do now.——Nor will I leave you, till your Hand is mine.

Enter BETTY.

L. *Weal. Betty*, come to my Aid; here's an audacious Man will marry me, in Spite of my Teeth, this very Inſtant.

Betty. O Madam, the luckieſt Moment in the World. I have been juſt looking on *Erra Pater*, and there's the happieſt Conjunction —— And the Chaplain ſauntering about the Gardens ready for Employment.

Love. Nay, look not back, your Eyes conſent, and I'll have no Denial.

L. *Weal.* Well, this is the maddeſt Thing.

Love. The happieſt Thing——Thus—

The wand'ring Fair are by long Courtſhips kind,
And conſtant Love does luckieſt Minutes find.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ANGELICA.

Ang. Lovewell and my Siſter; happy Pair! ——I am only curſt in a looſe Reprobate, whom no Chance, no Obligations can fix. I muſt reſolve to blot him from my Soul—

Soul — but how hard 'tis to efface the firſt Impreſſion— *Valere*, if I can part with thee, Mankind will be upon the Square. Thy Uncle may ſucceed; Old or Young: For I ſhall never look with loving Eyes again—Let me think—To loſe my Picture—O unpardonable Fault.

Enter DORANTE *and Mrs.* FAVOURITE *at a Diſtance.*

Fav. Now, Sir, is your Time; ſhe is horridly out of Humour. I know 'tis with *Valere*; for Nothing elſe makes her ſo.

Dor. Madam, I hope you will pardon my Intruſion, when 'tis to warn you of approaching Danger. I can prove to you my Nephew has broke all his Oaths, and played with the veryeſt Rakes the Town affords, in a publick Gaming Houſe.

Ang. Malice, Malice all.

Dor. As this is true or falſe, may I your Love enjoy.

Ang. Suppoſe it true, am I confin'd to make my Choice in your Family—or indeed to chooſe at all—— Perhaps I'll never marry.———

Dor. O ſay not ſo; let not ſo much Beauty loſe the End of its Creation — You ſhould bleſs the World with your Increaſe.

Ang. Methinks you are too much in the Wain to think of Increaſe—However, I am yet reſolv'd on Nothing—and deſire to be freed from Importunity — 'Tis well you

Enter VALERE and HECTOR.

are come: Your Uncle has been uſing all his Rhetorick to ſupplant you.

Hect. The Day's our own: She's in a pure Humour. [*Aſide.*

Val. No clandeſtine Dealings, Uncle, I beſeech you: Give me fair Play, and let the Lady chooſe———

Ang. With what Aſſurance he approaches. [*Aſide.*

Dor. However her Choice may go, I know who deſerves her moſt —I'm no Gameſter, Sir —Her peaceful Hours of Reſt ſhall ne'er be broke by me.

Hect. That I dare ſwear. [*Aſide.*

Val. No Reflections, Sir, on former Follies. You in your Youth doubtleſs had your Share—though now you are paſt 'em, and only rail at what you can't enjoy—— But I in my full Strength and Vigour give 'em over, reſolving never to indulge the tempting Vice again.

Dor. This you have often ſwore, and as often broke your Vows.

Val. I have: But 'tis not in the Power of Fate to make me do't again; and what's paſt this Lady has forgiven.

Ang. To end your Diſputes, Mr. *Dorante*, I'll now own to you, that my Heart has been long ſince given to *Valere*—and this Morning I renew'd my Vows.

Val. O Tranſport! Now, Uncle, I hope you are ſatisfied.

Dor. No, Sir, I am not ſatisfied — nor can I believe what ſhe ſays real, without condemning her Judgment.

Ang. A ſtrange poſitive old Man this — *Valere*, pray clear his Underſtanding—Shew him the Preſent I made you to Day; then let him judge who I deſign my Heart for.

Val. Ha! What ſhall I ſay? [*Aſide.*

Hect. O, I'm thunder-ſtruck! [*Aſide.*

Val. O ſpare his Age, Madam, I forgive him. He is my Uncle, and I would not triumph — 'Twould make him mad, ſhould I produce the Picture.

Ang. No, no, fear not; 'tis rather Charity: For ſince he refuſes to believe my Words, 'tis but Reaſon he ſhould have ocular Demonſtration.

Val. He that doubts what's utter'd by that Tongue, is unworthy of your farther Care — Therefore pardon me, Madam; a Thing ſo ſacred as your Image, never ſhall convince him.

Hect. Well hinted, I faith. [*Aſide.*

Ang. But when I deſire it, methinks you ſhould not refuſe. Obedience becomes a Lover. *Hect.*

Hect. Loſt again. *(Aſide.*

Val. You ever ſhall command me———

(Feeling firſt in one Pocket, then in t'other.

Ha! Where did I put it?

Hect. Humph. *(Lifting up his Eyes.*

Ang. I'm amaz'd at his Impudence. *(Aſide.*

Val. Bleſs me; ſure I did not leave it in the Bed. —Which Way ſhall I come off?—*(Aſide.)*—*Hector.*

Hect. Sir——— *(Looking very ſimply.*

Val. Did you not ſee a Picture any where to Day?

Hect A Picture, Sir ——— *(In a Kind of Fright.*

Val. Ay, a Picture. What makes you look ſo, Sirrah? Ha! I ſuſpect your Kogueſhip has done ſomething with it.

Hect. O dear Sir——— *(Trembling.*

Val. Where is it? Speak, Raſcal, or I'll cut your Ears off. *(Draws.*

Hect. O Sir, forgive me, and I'll tell you the whole Truth. *(Falls on his Knees.*

Ang. What means the Fellow? *(Aſide.*

Val. What will you tell me, Sirrah?

Hect. Why, Sir, fearing that your Pocket might be pick'd, or your Lodgings robb'd, and you might loſe the Picture, and that I thought would break your Heart, knowing how much you did eſteem the Piece, I took it, Sir, to a famous Painter of my Acquaintance to have it copied, Sir, that's all.

Ang A well invented Tale. *(Aſide.*

Val. Fly Sirrah, and fetch it. *(Slaps him on the Back.*

Hect. Yes, Sir. *(going.*

Ang. Oh you may ſpare your Pains, Sir—the Picture is already here—[*pulls it out*]—now, Sir, do you bluſh.

Val. I am amaz'd to think how ſhe came by it. *(Aſide.*

Hect. Ruin'd paſt Redemption—Oh, oh, oh,—that ſuch a compleat Lie ſhould turn to no Account. [*Aſide.*

Ang. Ungrateful Man.

Dor. How, how's this?

Ang. Is this the Price you ſet upon my Favours ——— the Sight of this would mind you of your Duty — if I

remember, thoſe were your Words—But I preſume you meant it ſhould remind you of a laſt Stake—How have I been deceived. ——— Is it poſſible thou couldſt be ſo baſe to expoſe my Picture at a common Board, amongſt a Crew of Revellers.

Val. Madam———

Ang. Be dumb, and make no impudent Excuſes.

Dor. Dol, dol, dery, dol, dery, dol. [*Sings.*

Val. No, Madam, I ſhall not ſtudy to excuſe myſelf, only this, I am not guilty of all your Charge, for there was none in Preſence when I loſt it, but the Youth that won it. Who had not liv'd to have brought it you, had not an unlucky Chance prevented me.

Ang. Then to conceal your Treachery, you would have committed Murder,—excellent Moraliſt. ——But, Sir, the Privacy of the Act you boaſt of — Does not in the leaſt extenuate your Crime; I told you whilſt you kept that Picture, my Heart was yours, but you grew weary of the Trifle, and reſtor'd it back, and now I have Liberty to give it to whom I pleaſe.

Dor. I hope you are ſatisfied now, Nephew, ha, ha, ha.

Val. I am with every Thing this Lady is pleaſed to inflict, I know ſhe can uſe me no worſe than I deſerve.—I own the Foulneſs of my Guilt, and will not hope for Pardon.

Enter Sir THOMAS VALERE *with a Lawyer.*

Heft. Nay then we are friendleſs indeed, — Sir, Sir, ſhall I ſee what *Seneca* ſays upon this Head? [*Aſide to* Valere.

Val. Away, and plague me not ——— Ha, my Father.———

Sir *Tho.* I'm bleſt, beyond Expreſſion bleſt. ——Madam, I wiſh you Joy: my Son, I have brought Mr. *Demurr* the Lawyer, ——— I'll reſerve but Five Hundred a Year for myſelf——the Reſt is thine, Boy,———full Two Thouſand Pounds *per Annum.*

Ang.

Ang. Sir *Thomas*, your Words carry a Meaning in 'em—which I am a Stranger to.

Sir *Tho.* Meaning, Madam,—I hope my Son and you underſtand one another's Meaning,——and I underſtand it too, Madam. ———Come, Mr. *Demurr*, where are the Writings of my Eſtate? —— He ſhall make thee a ſwinging Jointure, my Girl.———

Ang. You muſt pardon me, Sir *Thomas*,—my Mind's alter'd.———

Sir *Tho.* How! Did you not promiſe?

Ang. Suppoſe I did. When a Man breaks all his Oaths to me, I know no Reaſon I ſhould keep my Word with him.

Hect. Ah *Hector*, *Hector*, what will become of thee? [*Aſide.*

Sir *Tho.* Why I underſtood theſe Quarrels were made up———and as a Token of your being reconcil'd, you made him a Preſent of your Picture.——

Ang. True,—and that's the Thing that parts us.

Sir *Tho.* What do you mean?

Dor. He gam'd it away, Brother; now do you underſtand her?

Sir *Tho.* Malice and Marriage, Brother, ill becomes your Years.—She does not mean it ſo.

Ang. Indeed but I do.—

Sir *Tho.* Say you ſo Madam, —then I'll do you Juſtice immediately. [*Draws*] Sirrah, I'll ſave the Hangman a Labour,———I will you Baſtard.

Val. Do, kill me, Sir; you ſhall find I will not vent one Groan, — for my Soul has ta'en its Flight already, — My baſe Ingratitude has deeper ſtabb'd my Heart, than now your Sword can do——

Sir *Tho.* Say you ſo, Sirrah,———then I hope you'll live to want Nothing, for I'll take Care you ſhall have Nothing to ſupport your Extravagance.——Mr. *Demurr*, I deſire you to make my Will this Minute,——and put the ungracious Rogue down a Shilling.———Sirrah, I charge you never to come in Sight of me or my Habitation

tation more; nor, do you hear, dare to own me for your Father.—Go, Troop, Sirrah, I ſhall hear of your going up *Holbourn-Hill* in a little Time.———

Hect. So, there's all my Wages loſt.——— (*Aſide.*

Ang. Ha! This Uſage ſhocks me. (*Aſide.*

Val. Sir, I promiſe you to obey you to a Tittle,—— and this undutiful Child ſhall ne'er offend you with his Preſence more.———You but enjoin, but I before had choſe, for *England* now would be the worſt of Fates.

Ang. My Heart beats as if the Strings were breaking. (*Aſide.*

Val. Madam, there is but one Requeſt that I will make—then take my Leave for ever, and if you grant it not, I ſhall be ſo much more unhappy. —— My being diſinherited weighs not a Hair, compar'd with what I've loſt in loſing you whom my Soul prefers before all Wealth, Friends or Family.——Then, where ſhould I aſk Pardon but where I moſt have injur'd? — Thus on my Knees, I beg you not to hate my Memory, nor ſuffer the Follies which I have now caſhier'd for ever from my Breaſt,— (but Oh too late) to drive my Name as diſtant as my Body from you, —ſometimes vouchſafe to think on loſt *Valere.*

Ang. There is Nothing ſo indifferent but we think of it ſometimes.———

Sir *Tho.* Sirrah—begone I ſay. [*Puſhes him.*

Val. I have done.—Now Madam, eternally adieu.

Ang. Shall I ſee him ruin'd — no — that would be barbarous beyond Example.—*Valere*, come back, ſhould I forgive you all —Would my Generoſity oblige you to a ſober Life. —— Can you upon Honour (for you ſhall ſwear no more) forſake that Vice that brought you to this low Ebb of Fortune?

Val. Ha! Oh let me fold thee in my repenting Arms———and whiſper to thy Soul, that I am intirely chang'd—— (*Embraces her*) Yes my Love, I ſwear the Courſe of Life that I've run hitherto — is grown more hateful to me than Toads or Adders; and I would as ſoon

ſoon keep thoſe Animals in my Boſom, whoſe Sting I know would kill me, as once indulge my former Follies.

Ang. Then I am happy.——Know I was the Youth that won the Picture, and you parted with it to myſelf.

Hect. I ſhall die with Joy, that's certain— [*Aſide.*

Val. Then I did not break my Oath entirely, you were excepted, Madam.

Sir *Tho.* How lucky a Turn is this! Madam your Example is too good not to be followed. —— *Valere*, I forgive thee, and confirm my firſt Deſign: — Bleſs you both. ——Now Brother I hope you'll believe you can't get my Boy's Miſtreſs from him. Ha, ha, ha.

Dor. Nor he ſhan't get a Penny of my Eſtate Brother, remember that.——

Sir *Tho.* He wants it not. —— Ha! Who have we here—my Lady *Wealthy*, and her old Lover.

Enter LOVEWELL, *and Lady* WEALTHY.

Love. Wiſh me Joy, Friends, wiſh me Joy.

Sir *Tho.* With all my Heart, for in my Conſcience thou deſerv'ſt her.——

Ang. I wiſh you Joy, Siſter; here let all Quarrels ceaſe. [*Salutes her.*

L. *Weal.* I over-heard your Reconciliation, — and I wiſh you the ſame.

Love. Oh my Friend! Sure never Man was bleſt like me. [*To* Valere.

Val. Yes, I can boaſt a Happineſs beyond thee, — I that merited her endleſs Scorn, am, by her ſweet forgiving Temper, rais'd to laſting Joy.—

Enter Marquiſs *of* HAZARD.

Marq. I underſtand you are married, Madam; and come to wiſh you Joy. —— I do it with a *bon cœur, le Diable m'en porte.*— L. *Weal.*

L. *Weal.* O Monſieur *Marque,* I'm infinitely oblig'd to you e'er ſince your Knight-Errantry with *Valere* in Defence of my Honour.

Marq. A Duce of that unlucky Story. — No Words on't now, Madam, I beſeech you.

Val How's that?

Marq. By the Honour of *France* I ſhall be diſcover'd.

Enter BETTY.

Betty. Madam, Mrs. *Security* has brought a Pair of very fine Diamond Ear-rings to ſhew you, they were loſt in Pawn, ſhe ſays, ——and therefore ſhe can afford them an extraordinary good Pennyworth.

L. *Weal.* Bring her in.—

Enter Mrs. SECURITY.

Well, Mrs. *Security,* are they very fine ones.

Mrs. *Sec.* As fine a Pair as ever your Ladyſhip ſaw in all your Life, Madam.——[*Gives her the Ear-rings.*] Bleſs me,—What do I ſee, my Couſin *Robin Skipp?* I'm glad to ſee thee with all my Heart. — [*To the* Marquiſs.

L. *Weal.* Do you know what you ſay, Mrs. *Security?* —That is a *French* Nobleman.

Mrs. *Sec.* A Nobleman,——— What do you think I don't know my Brother's Son?———

Marq. A Pox of ſuch Kindred ——— Now all will out———

Mrs. *Sec.* Why how long haſt thou been in *England, Robert?* — I hear thou wert Footman to the Prince of *Conti.* —— My old Maſter, Sir *William,* aſks mightily how thou doſt.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Val. How's this, the Marquiſs of *Hazard* a Footman? Ha, ha, ha.

Hect. Brother give me thy Hand.———Hold, now I think on't, keep your Diſtance Friend,———for a *Valet de Chambre* is above a Footman.—— [*Struts.*

L. *Weal.*

L. *Weal.* My Footmen, Sir, will ſhew you into the Buttery; a Horn of ſmall Beer may quench your Thirſt of Honour. Ha, ha.

Val. This Morning he boaſted of his Royal Blood at my Lodgings,——but his Cowardiſe confirm'd me what he is.——

L. *Weal.* He told me he was at your Lodgings, and preſented you with a Tweague by the Noſe.—

Val. How, Scoundrel, beneath my Sword, and therefore take this.——— [*Kicks him.*

Marq. Very fine, very fine Breeding, Gentlemen, truly.—Well this is my Maxim ſtill—

Who once by Policy a Title gains,
Merits above the Fool that's born to Means. [Exit.

Mrs. *Sec.* 'Tis dirtily done of you Mr. *Valere*, ſo it is, to kick a Man for Nothing; — His Father, though I ſay it, was as honeſt a Man as ever broke Bread. and I could find in my Heart to———

L. *Weal.* No more of your Noiſe,——Wait without there.——— [*Exit Mrs.* Security.

Sir *Tho.* Come, come, enough of this Nonſenſe,— Let's have a Dance.

A Country Dance.

Val. Now Virtue's pleaſing Proſpect's in my View,
With double Care I'll all her Paths purſue;
And proud to think I owe this Change to you. [*To* Ang.
Virtue that gives more ſolid Peace of Mind
Than Men in all their vicious Pleaſures find;
Then each with me the Libertine reclaim,
And ſhun what ſinks his Fortune, and his Fame.

F I N I S.

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